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*Conducted by* ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.

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## THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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II.

THE stones next to be taken into consideration are those which I have placed in Class A., viz.—rude monoliths with hieroglyphics. The two stones which come under this head are rough unhewn pillars of the common stone of the country—whinstone—and the manner in which they are erected, and the art of the figures cut upon them, prove that they are undoubtedly the oldest sculptured stones in the twin counties. Behind the schoolhouse at Edderton may be observed a rough standing stone, ten feet in height above the ground, and tapering to a point at the top, the breadth at the bottom being about four feet. Mr Petley says that it is placed in the centre of a circular mound of earth, twelve paces in diameter, and raised about three feet above the natural surface. The *Statistical Account* (1840) states, "There is a circle surrounding the obelisk, at the distance of three yards from it as the radius, and two feet in height above the surrounding plain." I have not myself tested the accuracy of either of these measurements, but the slight difference is not important. Simply incised upon the top part of the stone is a fish, apparently a salmon, with the head pointing upwards towards the left, at an angle of about 45°. The mouth, jowl, and three fins are well defined. Below it, cut in the same manner, is the double disc

and sceptre hieroglyphic, the double disc being nearly perpendicular, the top touching the belly of the salmon. The double disc is composed of two circles, one at each end, each having a smaller circle within it. The outer circles are connected by flanche lines, two on each side, the convex sides inwards as usual. Within the inner circle of the bottom pair, a still smaller circle is cut, which impinges upon it at the top. The centre bar of the sceptre passes horizontally through the centre of the double disc, the two parallel bars springing from the ends of the centre bar, being at right angles to it, and directed in the form of an inverted Z. The sceptre is without ornament. The *Statistical Account* says:—"These hieroglyphics, which perhaps allude to the circumstance of the chief who is interred under the stone, being one of the Vikings, or sea-kings of the middle ages, are executed with great delicacy and beauty. The local tradition is that a battle was fought in this place, betwixt the inhabitants of the country and a party of invading Norwegian pirates, in which the latter were defeated with the loss of their leader, Prince Carius, who was interred on this eminence, and the above-mentioned obelisk erected over him; accordingly, the name of the place to this day is *Carry Blair*, or the battle-field of Carius."\* I have no doubt that this stone was raised long anterior to the Norse Dominion, and that if it marks the resting-place of any one, it is

\* I have already stated that the banks of the Oykel were a favourite battle ground of the Celts and Scandinavians, but I have not come across any record of a fight, where any person of the name of Carius was engaged. "Kari" was a Norse proper name. It is mentioned (I think in the *Flateyjarbók* or else the *Njal Saga*) that when King Sigtrygg of Dublin came to ask aid from Earl Sigurd the Stout against Brian Boroinhe, at Yule-tide, 1013-14, the King sat on the high seat listening to the story of Njal's burning, related by Gunnar Lambison. Gunnar stated that one of Njal's party wept, when Kari, a friend of Njal's, who was present, drew his sword and smote off Gunnar's head, for which he was permitted to go free, as it was held he had only done what he had a right to do. This is the only Kari I have come across, and there is nothing to connect him with the Edderton stone. There is a Karston or Careston north-east of Stromness, and a Corness or Carisness near Kirkwall, both in the mainland of Orkney, so it is quite possible that there may have been Karis in the Islands, about whom we are at present ignorant. All I contend is that it is most improbable that any of them lie under the monolith in question. Great care should, of course, be taken in endeavouring to identify individuals simply by the similarity of the sound of their names, lest we fall into errors such as making the Caracul of Ossian into the Roman Emperor Caracalla. But we must also remember that time has wrought great changes, as we have already seen in the conversion of Siward's Hoch into *Cyder Hall*, and the strong hold of Kolbein Hruga at Weir, into *Cobbie Row's Castle*.

a Pictish and not a Scandinavian chief. I have before alluded to the hieroglyphics being found almost entirely in Pictish territory. A few are to be found in localities which were afterwards seized by the Northmen, but as none have been found in Scandinavia, it stands to reason that they must have been raised by the Picts, who owned these territories prior to the arrival of the Vikings.

The other stone belonging to the same category as that last described, has a Celtic instead of a Scandinavian tradition attached to it. Dr Stewart says:—"This stone, marked as being 'near Dingwall,' is in reality several miles to the westward of that town, at the opposite end of the glen from it, and close to the mineral springs of Strathpeffer, in the Parish of Fodderty. Nothing is known of its history, and it is probably in its original site. A foolish tradition exists, which supposes the stone to mark the site of a battle between the Munros and Mackenzies about the time of James IV., in which the former were worsted. In this parish is the virtified Hill Fort of Knock Farrel. There are also several remarkable circles of stones and cairns. On each side of the church are two standing stones, and near the burial ground lies 'the Temple Cust,' in which Kist remains of bones and ashes have been found. The Pillar is formed of whinstone." At *Croit-an-Teampuil* (Temple Croft) stone coffins and urns have been found. A large cairn stands on the heights of Hilton, which contained many bones. In 1838 it measured 260 by 20 feet, but had originally been larger. There is a stone circle to the north of the cairn, and another lies on the march line between Cromarty and Hilton, the stones of which are from five to six feet above ground, a foot apart, and enclose a space of nine feet in diameter. Surrounding this are the appearances of several concentric circles of larger size, but most of the stones have been removed. There is another ring to the north-west of Knockfarrel, and one at the west end of Park has been long supposed by the inhabitants to commemorate the bloody battle of Blar-na-Pairc, in which the Mackenzies defeated the Macdonalds with terrible slaughter.\* As to the standing stones near the church,

\* The battle of Blar-na-Pairc was brought about in the following manner, as is related by Mr A. Mackenzie in his excellent "History of the Mackenzies":—Kenneth Mackenzie (a'Ehlair) had married Margaret Macdonald of the Isles, but being in-

some say that Fin MacCoul (the Fingal of Ossian) hurled them at his enemies from Knockfarrel. The next story is scarcely less far-fetched. The *Statistical Account* says:—"There is another stone half-way between Castle Leod and the Spa with an eagle cut upon it, and called in Gaelic *Clach-an-tiompan*.\* It stands close to the old line of road, and is supposed to mark the place where a number of the Munroes fell in an affray with the Mackenzies of Seaforth. The tradition is as follows:—The Lady of Seaforth dwelt at that time in a wicker or wattled house at Kinellan. A party of the Munroes came upon her by surprise, and carried off the lady, house, and all it contained. They were overtaken near Castle Leod, defeated with great slaughter, and the Lady of Seaforth rescued. *Clach-an-tiompan* was set up by the Munroes over the remains of their fellow-clansmen. Kenneth Oure is said to have prophesied that in the course of time ships should be seen moored to this stone." This whinstone pillar which stands about four feet high by two broad, is pretty evenly shaped at the bottom, though less regular at the top. On the top portion appears a well defined and evenly cut torque,† and

sulted by Alexander of Lochalsh, her cousin, he sent the lady (who was blind of an eye), to her relative, mounted on a one-eyed pony, led by a one-eyed gillie, followed by a one-eyed dog. Enraged at such treatment, Alexander collected a force of some 1500 men, and invaded Mackenzie's country, determined to reconquer the lands which had been previously owned by the Macdonalds as Earls of Ross. Mackenzie could only collect 600 men, but with these he strongly posted himself at Park, his front being covered by a peat moss. By a dexterous stratagem he caused the Macdonalds to advance into the bog, where they were soon entangled, and while in this plight they were easily shot down by a body of archers which Mackenzie had kept in ambush, or killed with pikes and axes. Those who escaped were either drowned in the Conon or killed by the country people during their flight, and this battle for ever broke the power of the Macdonalds in Ross-shire. As it was fought at the close of the fifteenth century, the value of the tradition assigning\* an ancient stone circle as its memorial, may be at once perceived.

\* *Clach-an-tiompan*—literally—the stone of the Drum. Many words foreign to the ancient Celtic language are in use by the modern Highlanders, introduced at different times and under different circumstances. Thus *Tiompan* is clearly derived from the Latin *Tympanum*.

† Professor Wilson is of opinion that the "torque" is exclusively Celtic or Teutonic, and he remarks that in Britain and Ireland it holds "a prominent place among the symbolic ornaments of the ancient Druid priesthood." He ascribes to it an Eastern origin:—"The torc is introduced at Persepolis among the tribute brought to Darius; and in a mosaic of Pompeii, Darius and his officers are represented wearing it at the battle of Arbela. Titus Manlius Torquatus took the golden torc, from which



below a very good model of an eagle. The torque is of the horse-shoe pattern, the ends pointing downwards. Resting on the top of the lower arch of the horse-shoe is a three-quarter circle, the top of which reaches to two-thirds of the breadth of the torque. Passing over the top of the three-quarter circle, and touching it, is a semi-circle, which is parallel to the edges of the horse-shoe, and from its extremities depend two tassels in the shape of inverted wine-glasses, the concave bottoms of which nearly reach the ends of the horse-shoe. Within the three-quarter circle, and below the concave bottom of each tassel, is a small circle with a little hole in the centre. The beak, eye, talons, and feathers of the eagle, are uncommonly well defined, and though the eagle occurs on several Scottish stones, this is by far the best model, although the long feathers of the tail have not been so clearly represented as in the specimen at Inveravon.\* This, how-

he derived his name, from a Gaul he slew in single combat, B.C. 361; and its first appearance in Italian art is round the neck of the moustached Gaulish hero, whose head—decorated probably according to the fashion of his country—forms the obverse of the As of Arminium." Dr Stewart says that it appears upon Gaulish gold coins "at different intervals from Brennus' invasion of Northern Greece, B.C. 278, till the age of Augustus." He also states that a "torque" and two bracelets appear upon a third brass of the Emperor Domitian "to indicate the people, probably the Germans, conquered by Domitian. These last greatly resemble some of the 'horse-shoe' figures on the sculptured stones." The "torque" is mentioned in both Anglo-Saxon and Celtic writings, and the book of Ballymote describes Cormac MacArt wearing a *mun-torc* or collar of gold. Moore sings of the days—

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold  
Which he won from the proud invader."

A bronze "torque" was found along with a mirror of the same pattern as those engraved on the standing stones, at Balmaclellan, New Galloway, in 1861. In one instance, however, the "horse-shoe" undoubtedly represents a brooch, viz., on the Migvie stone where it is accompanied by the V shaped sceptre; and Dr Stewart figures a "Scottish Brooch" of this pattern in the *Sculptured Stones*, vol. ii., plate 13. The "Torques" on the Clatt and Rothie Brisbane stones bear some resemblance to ancient Egyptian head-dresses.

\* The appearance of the eagle on this stone may be the reason for connecting the name of the Clan Munro with it, the coat-of-arms of that clan being "an eagle's head erased." It is a matter of history that an encounter did take place between the Mackenzies and the Munros near the site of the stone, but the tradition, as related above, is at variance with the facts as narrated by Mr A. Mackenzie in the "History of the Mackenzies." A bad understanding having arisen between Sir William Munro of Fowls and Hector Roy Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail, the former visited Kinelland during Hector's absence, and carried away the couples of one of his barns. Hector finding this on his return, sent Munro word that if he was a "pretty man," he would come and take the couples of the other barn, and Munro accepting this as a challenge raised

ever, may appear so, from a piece of the stone having apparently been chipped away. Indeed, the sculptures upon this stone represent one of the best specimens of art among the rude monoliths with hieroglyphics. We have seen how full the whole neighbourhood is of ancient Celtic remains, and it is impossible to avoid connecting this stone with them in some degree, but it is also impossible to hide from ourselves that it was sculptured at a later era than some of its ruder congeners in other parts. However, tradition is certainly at fault regarding it, and I am myself unable to suggest any history for it.

his followers, with the Dingwalls and Maccullochs, to the number of 900, and marched to Kinellan by the north of Knockfarrel. Here he took the couples and a quantity of cattle, and after doing much mischief, he started for home in the evening, by the south of Knockfarrel, having a strong front and rear-guard, with the cattle in the centre. Mackenzie, who had only gathered 140 men, had laid them in ambush along the road which the returning Munros must take, and as these passed they sprung upon them, breaking their centre, and putting them in confusion. The Munros, uncertain of the numbers in the gloaming, fled, and were pursued with great slaughter, nineteen heads lying round one small well, which has ever since been called "Tobar nan Ceann," or the Well of the Heads. It is said that nearly every able-bodied man of the Dingwalls and Maccullochs fell, and that the Munros were seriously crippled for many years. Such is the true version. However, the stone which, by the way, possibly witnessed the scene above described, was sculptured long before the Munros and Mackenzies came to blows. Still the stone may mark the grave of some long-forgotten warrior, the eagle having always been a favourite heraldic device of both ancients and moderns. Olaus Wormius says that among the ancient Danes, a Wolf typified a tyrant; a Lamb, a gentle and quiet man; a Pig, a sordid one; a Horse, a generous one; a Lion, a king; an Eagle, a strong man, &c. In modern-English heraldry an eagle takes the same place among birds that a lion does among beasts, a Lion representing Strength, Courage, and Generosity, and an Eagle Strength, Swiftmess, and Courage. A Golden Eagle was the Royal Standard of Ancient Persia, as well as of the Roman Legions.

*(To be Continued.)*

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PRESIDENT ARTHUR OF THE UNITED STATES A SCOT.—By descent the new President of the United States is a Scotchman. His grandfather was an officer in the 42d Highlanders. His father, who died only six years ago, was settled for some time as a Baptist minister in Ireland. At the last anniversary meeting of the New York Burns Club, Mr Arthur was present and delivered an eloquent speech, in which he proved that he had not forgotten the land of his-ancestors, but was himself a leal Scotchman, possessing an intimate knowledge of the life and works of the national poet. He was elected an honorary member of the Club.

TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE  
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

—o—  
JESSIE MACLEOD.

AFTER one week's ramble among the mountains, it was my agreeable lot to arrive at the hospitable Manse of Arnisdale, in Glen-Uaine, where, on presenting my note of introduction, I met with a cordial welcome from the Reverend Mr Macintyre and his kind helpmate. I was immediately established on a domestic footing in this amiable family; nor was it a slight augmentation to my satisfaction to discover that this secluded parsonage contained a numerous and playful progeny wherewith the happy couple had been blessed. I had reckoned up some half-score of these rising hopes of the household, and had concluded that the list was now exhausted. But as we were arranging ourselves around the crowded tea-table, there entered the apartment a tall and handsome youth, whose features immediately announced his relation to the clan, and whose laced jacket, well-trimmed mustachios, and dignified air, no less unequivocally indicated his profession. This gentleman, who was introduced to me by the familiar appellation of Frank, honoured me with a somewhat distant, though sufficiently polite bow, which struck me as harmonizing but indifferently with his name, and still more so with the open and cordial manners of the rest of the family. The young soldier's distance, however, I attributed to his military habits, and though it effectually checked on my part all attempts at conversation with him, it awakened in my bosom no feeling to his prejudice.

Without paying much regard, therefore, to the Captain's seeming *hauteur*, I chiefly devoted myself to the younger members of the family, and endeavoured to recall my juvenile feelings by partaking in their noisy sports. The Captain, meanwhile, conversed with his parents, or, in seeming listlessness, glanced over the columns of a newspaper, seldom deigning to bestow a look of interest on our amusements.

Sometimes, however, when any of the children solicited his

arbitration of their disputes, or in any way forcibly attracted his attention, I remarked that his eye beamed with the kindest condescension, and that he appeared no less attached to his little brothers than they to him. I was hereby confirmed in my opinion that his general reserve was the effect rather of his mode of life than of his natural disposition. Gathering from certain casual remarks that he had lately returned from India, I hesitated not to attribute some of his peculiarities to an affection of the liver. But this theory was quite overturned when after supper I beheld him indulge in a large tumbler of punch. Under the influence of this enlivening beverage, he gradually lost much of his chilling distance, and condescended to enter into a pretty free conversation with me, putting many questions concerning my adventures, and favouring me with a narrative of some of his own. Frank now gained rapidly on my esteem. I perceived that when he chose he could render himself as agreeable as he was intelligent and sensible, though there still remained in his manner and expression of countenance something to supply me with materials for speculation. Even while he evidently strove to be cheerful, and the smile of conviviality played upon his lip, I persuaded myself that I saw very manifest symptoms of some deep emotion preying on his heart. The appearances which I first laid to the charge of military pride, I now more confidently attributed to settled grief or melancholy. When the hour of repose arrived he politely conducted me to my sleeping apartment, attentively examined my accommodations, and then in a very kindly manner wished me comfortable rest, and withdrew.

This young soldier's general appearance and deportment had now made so deep an impression on my mind that for some time all my thoughts were of him. The longer they dwelt on him the more I was convinced that some untoward or distressing incident in the brief course of his military life lay at the bottom of the deep-rooted sorrow which seemed to overpower his spirits and to be superadded to a disposition evidently cast by nature in the same happy and cheerful mould as the rest of the family to which he belonged.

The following Sunday was one of the finest that had dawned on the green hills of Glen-Uaine. Towards noon the whole population of the valley, in their best attire, began to throng the

pathway which led to the old parish church adjoining the manse. The dimensions of this mouldering edifice were too confined to accommodate the multitude that was now assembling; and I was by no means dissatisfied to learn that its damp air and musty walls were to be exchanged for the sunny breeze and scented slope of a verdant hollow, under the bare canopy of heaven. There a few wooden forms were placed for the convenience of the more influential and respected part of the audience, including the minister's numerous family. But the population at large found a softer resting-place upon the green sod all around the speaker.

It is not my intention to enter into a critical description of the oratorical and theological powers displayed on this occasion by the pastor of this interesting flock. If the main art of the orator, however, be to carry his audience along with him, few public speakers I had ever heard—if I could judge from the undeviating look, the deep attention, and serious air of the mass of faces which surrounded him—had a better claim to the palm of eloquence than the pious and venerable Lewis Macintyre. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my own mind was more erratic than the minds of his impressed auditors seemed to be. The novelty of the scene presented to my fancy too much temptation to ramble; and ere I was aware how far I had resigned myself to its capricious humour, it had transformed the parson into an ancient Druid, inculcating from the centre of the mysterious hallowed circle the soul-subduing doctrines of his creed on the awe-struck spirits of those who had come to the stones to worship. At another time it had presented to my view a vision of days in the history of my native land not so long gone by, and persuaded me that I was listening to the rousing harangue of a zealous minister of the Covenant, whom the uplifted hand of persecution, though it could not silence, had driven with his attached and faithful flock to the wilderness to seek a temple on the hill-side.

Both comparisons, however, soon gave way before the remarkable contrasts which they suggested. Neither my idea of the artful and sanguinary priest of superstition, with his trembling skin-clad audience, nor that of the thundering Covenanter, holding forth in the vehemence of fancied inspiration to the kindling

eyes of the persecuted congregation, harmonized well with the calm, affectionate, and paternal aspect of the worthy modern divine, who now addressed himself in the language of "truth and soberness" to his composed and contrite parishioners. While I was surveying the scene I insensibly fell into another set of reflections, namely, on the influence which circumstances possess over the feelings of the human breast and their outward expression. Can this, thought I, be a portion of the same people who have in all ages been renowned for a determined and reckless valour, approaching at times to ferocity itself? How different are the meek and serious emotions now depicted on every visage from the impetuous ardour that would kindle it up at the strain of the animating pibroch sounding the charge to battle!

The clergyman's concluding intercession, which was offered up with much fervour, seemed deeply to affect the greater part of his hearers, especially when he recommended to the Divine blessing and consolation all the unhappy children of distress, and particularly those whose hearts were bleeding from domestic bereavement or affliction. Here I remarked considerable emotion among several members of a numerous family who sat intermingled with that of the minister, and whose appearance and the great deference paid to them announced that they were of the first rank in Glen-Uaine. The matron, a lady of the most prepossessing air, and likewise one or two of her daughters were under the necessity of applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and did not remove them till the conclusion of the service, when the slight glimpse which I obtained showed that the bitterness of their grief was great. I was the more at a loss to account for these appearances, as none of the family in question wore any of the usual insignia of mourning. The Captain, too, appeared much affected. He turned away his face, hung down his head, and seemed in difficulty to control his feelings. All this, connected with my former observations, made me suspect that the young soldier's happiness was somehow involved in that of this family, and the circumstance of his accompanying them home to dinner lent additional probability to the idea.

The afternoon of that day I passed at the manse, sometimes listening to the pious and instructive conversation of Mr Macintyre, sometimes explaining to the elder members of his family the

principles of my favourite science, and sometimes drawing instruction and delight from the talk and amusements even of the younger portion of that happy group.

The Captain did not return that night, and I never had the pleasure of seeing him again. In the course of the evening I was often prompted by my curiosity to attempt to draw from his frank and conversable parents the chief incidents of his history. But the fear of touching on some tender string always proved a check to my inquiries. The next morning I took my leave of the sequestered Manse of Arnisdale and of all its kind and interesting occupants. But before I left Glen-Uaine I failed not to make inquiry of every intelligent person whom I met concerning the minister and his family, especially his oldest son, the Captain. Partly from information thus acquired, and partly from what I afterwards gained from more authentic sources, I ascertained the following particulars, which I now hasten to lay before the reader, and which, I trust, will be found not altogether devoid of interest.

In most affecting incidents in which young men are concerned there is more or less presumption that there must be "a lady in the case," and as the present forms no exception to the general rule, propriety demands that, before proceeding farther, our heroine should be introduced to the reader's acquaintance.

Jessie Macleod was the daughter of a gentleman of considerable property and of more respectability, who, both from inclination and from prudential considerations, usually spent the year at his hereditary residence in Glen-Uaine. Aulduiny House lay within an hour's walk of the Manse of Arnisdale, and the two families, who were distantly connected by blood, lived on the footing of the closest intimacy with each other. The young people were from their earliest years almost constant companions, as, in addition to other causes that contributed to bring them together, they all received the elements of education under the same roof. The laird having always been celebrated for the liberality of his disposition, and yet possessing but a moderate income, soon found himself scarcely more able than the clergyman to support the expense of keeping his numerous children at a public school. He and Mr Macintyre, therefore, engaged a tutor between them, whose residence was at Aulduiny, where there was most accommodation, and whither the young folks of



the manse, when the weather was favourable, daily resorted for instruction.

While in the schoolroom, Jessie and Frank, who were next to each other in point of years and capacity, learned and recited their tasks from the same book, and in their happy play hours might generally be seen scrambling hand-in-hand among the adjoining rocks and thickets, there searching for birds' nests, nuts, or wild berries, according to the season. As Frank, with increasing years, acquired a taste for more hardy sports, his Jessie, if she could not emulate his address and daring, still was his attendant. While he regulated the motions of his mimic fly on the stream, she watched its success and carried the spoil, or, to beguile the time, exercised her slender voice with those native wild notes which she had already learned; and when all the boys mustered on the green for a match at shinty, Jessie also was there, beside Frank, with the little club that he had made for her. But she was never happier than when mounted on her Shetland pony, she accompanied her young gallant on a visit to the manse, or galloped by his side around the level fields of Aulduiny. When in the winter season a stormy day confined Frank at home, poor Jessie, with a tenderness of sensibility beyond her years, spent the tedious hours in moping listlessly over her task or bathing her book with tears, and every effort made by those about her to give her comfort was in vain.

Their parents and friends beheld with secret satisfaction the growing attachment of this youthful pair, and never once thought of checking their intimacy, even after they had arrived at years when it might have been expected that its longer continuance or increase might involve the future happiness of both. They had lived from infancy so much as brother and sister, that when Jessie now displayed the ripening charms of sixteen with a figure and manner more matured than her years, and her affectionate Frank, who numbered a year or two more, had shot forth into a corresponding stature, their undiminished familiarity seems to have struck no one as attended with impropriety or danger. With the same unreserve they rode or walked together, went on distant excursions to visit their relatives, or romantic scenery, and often ascended, either by themselves or with parties of their friends, to the summits of the highest hills, to share with one another the

rapturous emotions which the Alpine view inspired. On such occasions Frank had many opportunities of performing pleasing offices of gallantry to his happy Jessie, who always looked up to him for assistance or protection when needful as her guardian and guide.

In short, they themselves by degrees discovered the true nature of that passion into which their infantile attachment had now ripened. As they knew no reserve towards each other, they soon confessed to one another the tender sentiment that possessed them both, while neither, perhaps, bestowed a single thought on the various obstacles which might occur to thwart their inclinations. Bashfulness and the fear of censure, however, prevented them from making known the state of their affections to their parents, though, except upon the score of their yet too tender years, none concerned would have disapproved of their engagement.

Meanwhile, the paternal mind of the worthy minister of Arnisdale had not been entirely free from solicitude as to the future prospects of Frank. Mr Macintyre beheld his family fast multiplying, while his small income remained the same. He was sensible that a good education and his blessing would most likely be all the inheritance which any of his children could receive from him, and therefore he saw the propriety of availing himself of all the influence of his friends in order to get his boys respectably settled in life. In compliance with Frank's inclinations, he had for some years been making interest to procure him a military commission. But as he could not afford to purchase one, he at length lost all hopes of success and began to deliberate how he might find him other employment.

When least expected, however, the commission arrived, and the preparations for the young soldier's departure excited no small commotion in the peaceful Manse of Arnisdale. Frank and Jessie, of course, were much together; and though this was well known, it was blamed by none in either family. At their parting interview, which had almost proved too much for them both, they solemnly renewed their engagements of mutual fidelity and constancy. Besides discussing many topics fit only for their own ears, it was settled between them that so soon as Frank had risen to the command of a company, he should come home and marry his

Jessie; or if his return could not be brought about, she promised to go to him, if her parents would consent, in whatever part of the globe his place of service might be. In the meantime, to alleviate the pangs of separation, they agreed to keep up a regular epistolary correspondence with one another. Frank exacted from Jessie a promise that she would carefully attend to her health and endeavour to make herself happy, in hopes of his speedy return; while Jessie, on her part, laid a charge no less strict on him, never to expose his life to unnecessary danger, for the sake of accelerating his promotion and hastening the union which both so much desired.

Not to dwell on the young Ensign's melancholy parting with his sorrowing family, nor on what else befell him till he found himself in the uniform of his regiment, I proceed to relate that after spending a few years in home service, he was sent to a more active and interesting field of operations, on the continent of India, where he met with a rapidity of promotion which equalled his most sanguine expectations. During the greater part of the time which he spent abroad, his correspondence with all those most dear to him was regular and satisfactory. The affection of his Jessie, like his own, seemed to gain strength by time and absence, and each successive letter, he was happy to observe, displayed a great improvement both in style and sentiments. Many a solitary hour did he spend in picturing to himself the corresponding improvement which time must have effected in her personal charms; and his spirits, when ready to sink under the enervating influence of the climate, never failed to experience refreshment and delight in the idea of his yet renewing his rambles with his Jessie among the cool streams and verdant hills of Glen-Uaine. This source of comfort, blended with the no less frequent meditation on the affectionate relatives who daily thought and talked of him at his native Arnisdale, not only served in an eminent degree to reconcile the young adventurer to the hardships of his lot, but even supplied him with an energy of mind which was no doubt one of the most important causes of the high esteem which he acquired, and the rapid advancement which he made in his profession.

Few important events, meanwhile, had occurred in the domestic history of the families at Arnisdale and Aulduiny.

Their former intimacy still subsisted, and some of the younger members of both seemed running the same course as that of Frank and Jessie. At length, however, a change took place, which, though it might seem of slight importance in a more populous district, occasioned no small regret among the dispersed and secluded inhabitants of Glen-Uaine. This was the removal of the laird of Aulduiny and his family to spend a winter in Edinburgh. Into the causes of this unexpected step it concerns us not minutely to inquire. Perhaps he wished to let his young people see a little of the world, or he might be desirous to renew his own acquaintance with society in the hopes that it might be useful in forwarding his children's views; or perhaps the whole originated in his amiable lady's solicitude to have her daughters instructed in some elegant accomplishments, which could not be easily acquired in their remote situation in the Highlands. If all these causes, together with one or two more that might be subjects for conjecture, are duly weighed, Aulduiny's temporary desertion of his people may be viewed neither with surprise nor blame.

His absence, however, caused a melancholy blank in Glen-Uaine, for never before, in the memory of the oldest native, had his hospitable mansion been unoccupied by some resident member of his respected family. The traveller, as he checked the inclination of his steed to turn aside to Aulduiny's well-known stable, beheld with desponding looks, through the drizzling sleet, the closed shutters, the smokeless chimneys, and other symptoms of solitude, where he was wont to receive a kind welcome from many a smiling face. The Christmas festivities, which used to be celebrated there by a general gathering of all the friends and cousins of the family from a great distance, suffered this year a melancholy and unexampled interruption; and though the youth of the glen mustered as usual on Aulduiny's level fields for their annual match at shinty, and though the laird had benevolently left orders with his overseer to supply them with their accustomed anker of "right Kintail," yet it was remarked that the sport had never been so dull and uninteresting. Not a single sprained ankle nor broken shin remained next day among the numerous combatants to attest their emulation in the game.

But by none was this state of things more lamented than

by the clergyman's family. Seldom till now had they complained of the wearisomeness of a winter day. But now many a listless look was cast in the direction of Aulduiny, and no well-known youngster was seen galloping along the road that led from thence to the clachan, while all the delighted hive sallied forth to hail him. No friendly message nor kind invitation; no present of venison, rendered doubly savoury by the accompanying card, which intimated by what lucky sportsman's hand it had fallen; no obliging inquiry after the health of an occasional invalid now came from that place to diversify the dreamy sameness of the sunless day, and supply the domestic circle at the manse with a pleasing topic of discourse for many hours thereafter when other excitements were awaiting.

Even Mr Macintyre's superior strength of mind could not altogether secure him against an occasional sinking of spirits from the want of his accustomed society; and he often acknowledged that when from the pulpit he cast his eyes towards Aulduiny's empty pew and missed the many well-known faces that were wont to beam from it, he often felt a sudden chilliness coming over him and making him aware that he himself stood in need of that comfort which he administered to others. He and his family, however, were not without some consolation, in the correspondence which they kept up, as regularly as Highland roads and posts would permit, with their absent friends, and in the hope of their return to Glen-Uaine as soon as the reappearance of summer should invite.

In Edinburgh, in the meantime, Jessie enjoyed the admiration which she so well deserved. Through her family connections she found a ready access to the first circles of society, and soon came to be regarded as one of their brightest ornaments. Her constancy was now exposed to no ordinary trial, and to one intimately acquainted with human nature and the power of admiration and flattery over the female heart, it might well be a subject of doubt how far one so young, inexperienced, and susceptible as she was, however well disposed, was likely to maintain her fidelity and prudence amidst the many fascinations that surrounded her. The extent of her danger may be best estimated by the degree of envy which she attracted. The few reigning beauties who had for some time previously engrossed the

applause of the metropolis, and whose ruling passion had been their jealousy of one another, seemed now agreed to suspend their mutual animosity for the purpose of directing their united batteries against her. All their arts of ridicule, satire, and detraction were tried to destroy her ascendancy. When these failed they tried what insinuation could do; and when it too was unsuccessful, they frequently openly avowed that they could not comprehend what it was that gained her so much admiration, unless it were her Highland brogue, her contempt of etiquette, or her carrotty hair, as they scrupled not to designate her bright yellow tresses.

Jessie could not long remain in ignorance of the feelings with which she was regarded by these offended belles; and it would have been equally impossible, perhaps, for any young female in her situation to have been insensible of the superiority which such invidious conduct on their part showed her to be possessed of, or to have abstained from all attempts to mortify them when an opportunity offered. Jessie could not contend with them in the ornaments of dress, and she utterly despised that mincing affectation in speech and gesture which they seemed to regard as the perfection of female manners. But she found equal and superior resources in her own native attractions, her sprightly mother-wit, and that grace and elegance which characterised all her words and movements, compared with which the fastidious airs of art appeared in all their tiresome insipidity. She possessed a refined taste, and an understanding better informed than that of most young ladies of her years—advantages which she owed partly to her mother, a woman of strong judgment and good education, and partly to her former tutor at Aulduiny, who had taken much pains to instruct her in the French and Italian languages, and had introduced her to a pretty general acquaintance with the more popular English classics. He had the satisfaction to see that his labour was not thrown away on his apt and docile pupil, and she herself now reaped the full advantage of the attention she had bestowed on these pleasing studies.

Jessie was naturally gay and sprightly, and while this disposition rendered her company acceptable to every age, it led her to show a preference for the society of the young and cheerful. Being

conscious of no culpable levity, she did not consider it to be inconsistent with her private engagements to Frank Macintyre to suffer herself occasionally to be escorted to public places by one or other of the numerous aspirants after her favour. Her parents had too much confidence in her own good sense to see the necessity of laying her under very rigid restraints as to the mode of conducting herself in society, which, in some instances, might have been the cause of her falling into slight improprieties. In these cases her conduct was eagerly animadverted upon by her vigilant and vindictive rivals, and suggested to them the appellation of "flirt," by which, when all other means had failed, they endeavoured to lessen her character in public esteem. But this, like their other unworthy artifices, Jessie treated with contempt, especially as she considered it an evidence of the mortification which they felt on seeing her experience attentions that they would have been glad to receive even at the risk of incurring the censure of flirtation.

Yet it might be a matter of considerable doubt if Frank Macintyre had known how little reserve his Jessie manifested in her public behaviour, and how, after she was seen dangling on the arm of one gentleman in particular, a gay and showy young officer of Hussars, for whom she betrayed rather a marked preference, whether the full confidence which he reposed in her fidelity would have remained unshaken and no feeling of jealousy have arisen in his breast. Considering, too, that Captain Vaughan was possessed of every personal qualification that could render him a dangerous rival, besides having connections, as it was rumoured, of very high rank in life, Macintyre's suspicions might have seemed neither premature nor unreasonable. It was impossible that Jessie should not sometimes contrast the fascinating address and dazzling accomplishments of this young cavalier with the plain if not rustic air and manners of the Highland parson's son, and however much the noble mind and sterling virtues of the latter might demand her esteem, the comparison might not tend much on the whole to strengthen his claim on her heart.

*(To be Continued.)*



## THE ISLE OF SKYE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

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OF late years, and even this present season, much has been written about this interesting Island by tourists and others; yet there are many relics, legends, and subjects of folk-lore connected with the far-famed "Isle of Mist" which have not as yet been fully developed. Such learned and enthusiastic gentlemen as the late Alexander Smith, Sheriff Nicolson of Kirkcudbright, and others, have given vivid descriptions of the unrivalled scenery of this remarkable island; yet still much remains to be explored and detailed as to the origin, history, and antiquity of the numberless dùns or forts which once surrounded and protected it. With each and all of these romantic places of defence there is a history connected, and where that history is not reliable and confirmed by facts, the blank is amply supplied by fanciful but interesting legends, handed down from ancient days by tradition, and fostered by the natural feelings and superstitious beliefs of the natives

How well if the talented "Nether-Lochaber" were located even for a month in this interesting isle, to enjoy the pure hospitality and friendship of its proverbially kind inhabitants. How well were he to roam freely amid its peaked mountains and shaded valleys, to visit its dùns and strongholds, and its variegated natural curiosities, and withal to make his magic pen bear upon its archæological stores and its numberless specimens of interesting folk-lore. My learned friend would feel no ordinary interest in handling, if not in wrapping himself in, the Fairy Flag preserved in Dunvegan Castle. This mystic flag is the palladium of the Macleod chiefs, and if tradition be true, the fortunes of that brave clan depend upon it. Miraculous properties were given to the celebrated banner by a Saracen chief, who presented it to one of the Macleods, or "Siòl Tormaid," during the Crusades, with an assurance that so long as it was preserved, no injury would befall the family.

Skye is a lovely isle! Perhaps no other locality in the United Kingdom is so well calculated to afford such a number of

romantic and picturesque subjects for the brush of the painter, yet it may be said with equal truth, that there is no other region in our dominions so sure to furnish the pen of the archaeologist with more befitting materials than this winged, misty isle.

Speaking of duns and forts, there were three in the island which surpassed all others in their strong and almost impregnable defensive fortifications. These were Dunskaich, in the parish of Sleat (a fort alluded to by Ossian), and Duntulm Castle, in the parish of Kilmuir, both of which are now in complete ruins; and the third was Dunvegan Castle, in the parish of Duirinish, which is still inhabited by the Macleods of Macleod. These forts were almost impregnable, having been provided with wide moats and strong drawbridges, and all the implements of warfare used in these remote and warlike times. Duntulm was the stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, the powerful "Clann Dòmhnuaill," before they removed to Monkstadt, and Armadale Castle in the parish of Sleat. In the same way Dunvegan Castle was the stronghold of "Clann Tormaid," that is the Macleods of Macleod, who were likewise great warriors and very powerful as a clan. These two septs or clans had extensive possessions and stedfast retainers. They never wanted their distinctive race of pipers and bards. The Macdonalds had the Macarthurs for ages in this capacity, while the Macleods of Dunvegan had the far-famed MacCrimmons for a long succession of centuries. Bloody feuds existed very frequently between these rebellious clans as well as between them and the surrounding chiefs on the mainland, such as the Mackenzies, the Macleans, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and many others.

Some centuries ago one of the chieftains of Sleat had a daughter married to Macleod of Dunvegan, but unfortunately they did not live happily together. On one occasion the quarrel betwixt husband and wife became so desperate, that Macleod sent her home to her father, when the father in return sent her back to her husband. Much about this time a number of Highland chiefs met at Dunvegan Castle to hold a sort of council with Macleod relative to some feudal differences. There were present Macdonald of the Isles, Mackinnon of Strathwordale, Maclean of Duart and of Lochbui, Macleod of Lewis, MacGhillechalluim of Raasay, and others. Each chieftain had his

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piper and bard along with him. In this conclave it was *inter alia* agreed that the bard who made the best "rànn" or rhyme in praise of his own master was to receive a prize or badge of honour immediately after breakfast next day. Macdonald of the Isles had Macarthur, his own piper and bard, there with the rest. He was commonly called "Uilleam MacBeathaig." Lady Macleod having come to understand that the competition was to take place, felt a deep interest in the success of "MacBeathaig," her father's bard. She had a private interview with him, and told him that he behoved to compose a "rànn" or poem setting forth that she, as daughter of a Lord of the Isles, was of higher descent and of nobler blood than Macleod her husband, who strongly maintained the reverse. As a reward for his services, the good lady promised him a "triubhas" of "clòdh breac scarlaid"; being a cloth that she herself had prepared for her husband. MacBeathaig said but little to the lady at the time, but requested her to tell him when breakfast was over next morning.

During the rest of that day MacBeathaig remained pensively silent, while the other bards taunted him by saying, "Come on, William, come on, my man, you do not attempt any preparation to praise your master at all. You see and hear how we are exerting ourselves." MacBeathaig retorted and said :—

'Se sinn fein a mholamaid,  
Mar linne loma-làn ;  
Na h-uile sruthain a's tana,  
'S iad a's àirde gair.

The meaning of which is :—

Our praise of self  
Is like a full flood ;  
While all the shallowest streams  
Will make the loudest noise.

The other bards listened but said nothing. Next day came, and the lady told her protegee, MacBeathaig, that the breakfast was just finished. He thanked her ladyship and went immediately forward to the breakfasting-hall. He quietly knocked, and on the door being opened he stood there silently after bowing to the assembled guests. Macleod addressed him and said, "A Ghoistidh, thig air t-adhairt," that is, "My friend, come forward."

MacBeathaig in bold, firm language expressed himself in the following emphatic terms :—

Cha'n fhéudar beannailt ri luchd nan còmhlaidh,  
 'S ann de'm' iòghnadh ;  
 Fhàir sibh tigh agus leth Alba,  
 Le neart bhur daoine ;  
 MacIomhuinn, MacIlleathan, 's MacLeoid Leòthais,  
 Triuir bha 'feitheamh dréuchd  
 A'n teachd Mhic Dhomhnuill ;  
 Fear-ionaid MhicLeoid a' Dunbhegain—  
 Dorsair seomair,—  
 'S bu mhath an inbh dha  
 Bhi 'feitheamh còmhlaidh ;  
 Morair Hundaidh nan each seanga,  
 Dha 'm biodh mòr-shluagh,—  
 Bhiodh esan am freasdail stiorraip  
 'N am tearnaidh ;  
 Fhuair iad duais mhaith a' cheann sin,  
 'Badenach o cheann gu ceann di,—  
 Aca tha i—aca tha i.

In these lines the bard considered the chieftains present as in no better position than mere menials or door-keepers to his own renowned master, "Domhnall Gòrm," Lord of the Isles.

Macleod attentively listened to the rhyme, but, furious with rage, he addressed the bard saying, "A' chon bhodaich, rinn thu luchd-muinntir uile dhinn" (You churlish dog, you made servants of us all). The bard said nothing, but, turning on his heel, went to his own chamber. Macleod knowing well that MacBeathaig's poem was the best, soon followed him with the badge, promised to the best bard, in his hand, and, having entered the room, said, "Thig an so, a' MhicBeathag, agus gabh do dhuais" (Come hither, MacBeathag, and receive your badge). The bard, according to the following emphatic words, looked upon the badge with scorn, and told Macleod plainly, but sarcastically, that he would receive a badge or reward in the halls of music and song from his own great heroic chief, "Domhnall Gòrm;" and not only so, but would enjoy that distinguished hero's hospitality in all manner of profuseness and comfort.—

'S ann a gheibhinn mo dhuais  
 Ann an talla nan téud,  
 Bho Dhomhnall Gòrm, an t-èrmunn tréun,  
 Bho Dhomhnall Gòrm, bu clò-mhàrd céum,

Fodh chòmhrag àrm,—  
 Bho Dhomhnall Gòrm, 'nan cliàr 's nan creach,  
 Mo bhiadh 's mo dheoch,  
 M' uisge-beatha 's m' fhiòn gu moch,  
 'S mo ghriàn air loch.

Macleod's lady whose heart was gladdened by the bard's success, took all care that before he left Dunvegan he was supplied with enough for a new suit from her web of "clòdh breac scarlaid."

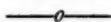
## LOCH MAREE.

Daughter of giant hills,  
 Nursed on a thousand rills,  
 Earth has no lovelier jewel than thee;  
 Decked with the fairest isles,  
 Wreathed in the sweetest smiles,  
 Queen of the Highlands, O! beauteous Maree.  
 Slioch's majestic crest  
 Towers o'er thy placid breast,  
 Where his dark shadows eternally be;  
 Down his black gorges steep,  
 Foaming his torrents leap,  
 Singing wild songs to his gentle Maree.  
 Light thro' thy birchen groves  
 (Sacred to Highland loves)  
 Summer winds whisper in voices of glee;  
 Rowan and mountain pine  
 Echo the joy divine,  
 Wafting their perfumes o'er blushing Maree.  
 Beauty's supernal charms  
 Dwell in thy wintry storms,  
 Nature's rich graces are dowered to thee;  
 Surely some wizard hand  
 Shaped thy enchanting strand,  
 Dear Highland fairyland, matchless Maree.

LARGE FARMS *VERSUS* CROFTS:

WHICH IS THE MOST PROFITABLE?

BY A PROPRIETOR.



IN continuation of my article on your "Highland Clearances," which appeared in the August number, and having given you my views as to the probable position of the crofters at the time of the evictions, the next question to be considered is, What has been the result of the policy then inaugurated? And in doing so I shall try and take up as little of your space as possible. All the same, I must have a preface; but in this case it is happily short, and to the effect that any reference I may make touching the present and enormous vested interests must in no way be construed as in any way reflecting on those capitalists who stepped into the brogues of the aborigines of the soil; and the sole motive in stating figures is to enable me to exemplify my views and to draw a comparison between the sheep run and crofting systems, and that only in so far as the proprietor's interests are concerned. For it was in the interest of the proprietor the sin was committed; at any rate he was the party supposed to have benefitted by the commission of the crime; and when the question of the sin of the thing is brought forward we must not for justice's sake lose sight of the temptation, a calm review of which will probably lead us to conclude that as the temptation was so great, so unusual, and so novel, the sentence ought to be mitigated from what it otherwise would be.

This then was the position of matters at the time, put in plain words and stripped of all garnish. He who preferred clinging to what was then looked upon as the ancient and barbarous policy of desiring to appear as the chief of many people might be rich in rude sentiment, but he must be poor in pocket, for his dependants could not at that time pay the rent expected or looked for. Besides this, prospective burdens loomed terribly gloomy on the horizon; while, on the other hand, he who elected in favour of the four-footed tenant had a brilliant prospect spread out before him, namely, that of at once becoming independent with plenty of coin to spend in the allurements of our modern

Babylon. True, the strong arms and spilt blood of the ancestors of those evicted tenants had gained the laird his title to the soil. The tables were now turned; the crofter had not the very remotest right or title to a place even, except what might be vouchsafed to him by the benevolence of his proprietor.

Such, then, being the case, and bearing in mind the proneness to forgetfulness of obligations on the part of a large section of mankind, the wonder is that we have a single crofter left to tell the tale; for, at the time, it was quite understood that the real pecuniary interest of the proprietors was at once to sever the slender chain of sentimentalism which bound them to their people. He who did not cut or snap it, and withstood the temptation, is he not to get credit for his forbearance? I for one freely accord him such, and hold his memory in great admiration. But not to dwell further on this aspect of the question, let us proceed to look at the results and see how the anticipations as respects the speculation have been verified, and endeavour if possible to ascertain whether the transaction was one of profit or of loss to the proprietor.

The fairest and best way of approaching such an investigation of the question will be by comparing the rentals obtained from land now under sheep with the rentals derived from land equally good but occupied by crofters. And as my former article was restricted to a consideration of the matter so far as Skye was concerned, the present remarks must also be considered as confined to the same limits, though no doubt the figures would command more general attention if they could be made applicable to the whole area over which this angel of destruction in the shape of eviction spread her wings. And though I have no proof to warrant me in saying that my figures would apply to all mainland situations, still in parts favourably situated for the crofting system, I do not see why figures similar to the results I shall presently bring forward should not be attained. At any rate I think that instead of the large farms or sheep runs paying the proprietors so very much better than a crofter population would, I shall adduce proof to show the contrary to be the fact, and that the crofter does pay, and, what's more, can afford to pay, the proprietor a higher rental than the large capitalist can.

A glance at the Scotch Doomsday Book shows that those



proprietors who have a good sprinkling of crofters on their lands now enjoy larger rentals per acre than those proprietors do whose lands are entirely under sheep. But I must here guard myself against my authority, the Domesday Book, by saying that though as a rule its figures are probably correct, yet I am quite aware there are cases in which it might mislead; for instance out of a dozen estates round about me here the acreage of three out of the number is incorrectly given, ranging from fifty to a hundred per cent. over or under the real mark; one estate being so under estimated that it shows a rental of 3s 5d per acre; another so over estimated that it shows only 9d per acre. Consequently it is not sufficiently accurate to warrant one in making its figures the sole basis for a calculation. Nevertheless we have other means at hand which enable us to arrive at satisfactory conclusions; figures based on actual survey measurements and factors' return of rental.

Take two neighbouring farms marching with each other, both having the same quality of soil; one of them occupied by crofters and the other under sheep, so that a better test of the matter could not be had.

The farm under crofters contains 2000 acres of hill pasture, and 457 acres of arable and green pasture—total area 2457 acres, yielding a rental of £342, or an average per acre of 2s 9d.

The farm under sheep contains 3250 acres of hill ground, and 330 acres of arable and green pasture—total area 3580 acres, yielding a rental of £200, or an average per acre of 1s 1d, *showing a difference of 1s 8d per acre in favour of the proprietor.*

At first glance it strikes one the thing is easily understood. The difference being so great and one-sided, it would seem apparent that one of the farms must be too highly rented, or the other too cheaply let. But on further investigation and consideration of details, a third solution is arrived at, namely, that both farms are equally justly rented, but owing to a variety of circumstances the crofter is as well able to pay 2s 9d as the sheep farmer is to pay 1s 1d per acre; because the one has merely a certain amount of capital invested, whereas the other has also some capital invested, though not so much, but he has ten times the command of labour in addition to that capital; hence they are unequally matched so far as a rent paying capacity is concerned.

The sheep farmer being entirely dependent on his capital, gets just that amount of profit per acre from the land occupied by him as nature, the uncertainty of the elements, and fluctuations of the markets, may permit; and basing our calculation in this instance on the figures above given, and supposing the farm in question to produce three rentals, the return per acre would be 3s 4d.\* The same calculation applied to the farm under crofters shows a return of 8s 4d per acre. Under such circumstances the crofter can afford to pay a higher rental than the sheep farmer can, because his return per acre is so much greater. One of the reasons for such extra return being that a farm under crofters can raise a much larger proportion of black cattle on a given piece of land than a farmer who depended entirely on his capital could, because the crofter can assist nature by the extra nursing bestowed on his cattle; and besides, he has extra power of tillage, which enables him to store a much larger proportion of provender in the summer to meet the winter's demands. Tillage, on the other hand, does not pay the large farmer, owing to the expense incurred for labour.

This is not a mere surmise of mine, for I have learned the truth of it from personal experience; and not only so, but I can quote the opinion of one of the most experienced farmers who ever lived on the West Coast to the same effect. In a conversation I once had with him on the subject of sheep farmers engaging in agriculture, he remarked, "Every plough between the Butt of Lewis and the Mull of Cantire ought to be burned;" meaning that the less large farmers had to do with agriculture the better for their interests. And he was right too.

The question may be asked how it is made out that the extra tillage pays the crofter, considering the present quality of his stock, for it is quite apparent to any one who has an eye in his head that the large farmer raises infinitely finer cattle than the crofter does, notwithstanding all his care and nursing. What *place* is it supposed a crofter's cow would take at any of our public shows? Why, just as soon compare a Shetland pony to the

\* It by no means follows that this is the exact sum derived from all farms, as the return per acre depends on the stock-carrying power of the ground. It may be more or less than what is above given, but would probably bear this comparison, or even a worse one, if tested against similar land occupied by crofters.

winner of a Derby as a crofter's best to the stock annually exhibited by our first-class breeders. It would, however, be a great mistake to take this view of the matter, for we have in the present inquiry nothing to do with quality. On the other hand, what we have to do is to keep our eye on quantity and numbers, and the rental paid per acre by sheep farmer and crofter respectively.

On the farm under crofters above referred to, the following stock is kept, namely :—133 cows, 67 stirks, and 464 sheep. The sheep farm carries 1200 sheep, 14 cows, 6 stirks, and 12 horses. We know the acreage and rentals, but being differently stocked, by what process of reasoning are we to reconcile the difference, or how draw a comparison showing which carries the largest stock? The following, though rather a roundabout method of making up an account, comes to our aid; the rule applied being an old Highland way of squaring up the anomaly, and practically it gives as reasonably approximate an estimate as we can have of the capabilities of the ground, by showing the quantity of grass eaten by the various animals proportionately—namely, cows, sheep, stirks, and horses. Here it is: one horse is supposed to eat as much as two cows; one cow as much as three stirks, or as much as eight sheep. By this calculation we have the farm occupied by crofters carrying as follows :—

464 Sheep, at 8 sheep, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ..	=	75½ Cows,
67 Stirks, at 3 stirks, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ..	=	22¼ "
133 Cows ... ..	=	133 "

Or stock in all equal to ... .. 230¾ Cows.

On the farm under sheep, applying the same mode of calculation, we have—

1200 Sheep, at 8 sheep, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ..	=	150 Cows.
6 Stirks, at 3 stirks, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ..	=	2 "
* 12 Horses, at 2 cows' grass ... ..	=	24 "
14 Cows ... ..	=	14 "

Stock in all equal to ... .. 190 Cows.

\* I am aware objection may be taken to the number of horses in comparison with the sheep stock. This matter has been carefully considered. The horses are confined to a certain locality, estimated as the grass of 24 cows, so they in no way interfere with the sheep stock.

Here we have a difference of 40 cows in favour of the crofting farm.

Having seen what stock the two farms carry let us consider what the carrying powers of the farm under sheep might be if similarly managed. The question is a simple one. If 2457 acres carry stock equal to 230 cows, what stock ought a farm having 3580 acres to carry? Answer, 335 cows. It has been shown it only carries 190 cows. In other words, it would carry 145 cows more than it does at present if it was occupied by crofters, and this further explains how the crofter is able to pay a higher rental than the sheep farmer, because he has a larger stock per acre. But against this it may be urged that in the instances above given the percentage of arable land is in favour of the crofter, and that one acre of arable may be worth several acres of hill ground. So if the arable portion alone was taken, it would be seen the sheep farmer had the advantage in the question of—If 330 acres carry 190 cows, how many ought 457 acres to carry? Answer, 263. It only carries 230; balance in favour of the sheep farmer, 33. This, however, is a meagre way of looking at it, and is a mere trifle when put against the difference in the rentals of the two places, namely, that of the sheep farm averaging as follows:—

Per total acre	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1s	1d
Per agricultural acre	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	12s	1d
Per acre of hill ground	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	1s	3d

compared with the farm occupied by crofters, which shows an average of—

Per total acre	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	2s	9d
Per agricultural acre	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	15s	0d
Per acre of hill ground	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	3s	5d

And as both farms consist, like most Highland farms, of hill and arable ground, but by far the larger portion being hill, what we have to look to are the total results, which, in a word, stand as follows:—2s 9d *v.* 1s 1d, or a difference of 1s 8d per acre in favour of the crofter. This is clear and indisputable.

Another phase of the question is, the amount of rent paid by the crofter and sheep farmer respectively, compared with the amount of capital invested in the soil. In my former article I estimated the rental paid by the crofter to be about £1 for every £6 of invested capital, and now let us see how this compares

with the proportion of rent paid to the amount of invested capital on the large farms.

Take a farm rented at £200 as above, and say it yields produce to the value of £600 a year or three rentals. This may be called fairly rented. Such a farm requires a capital of at least £1600 to stock it, and it may be £1800, according to the quality of stock or notions of the farmer, as the case may be. This shows £8 or £9 of invested capital for every £1 of rent paid.

The rental paid compared per pound with the amount of invested capital decreases in proportion as the capital invested becomes larger! So that as we go on to farms paying say £500 a year, the invested capital would be larger per pound of rent paid than the invested capital per pound would be on a farm paying only £200 a year; and so we may safely say the £500 a year farm would require a capital to stock it equal to £10 or £11 for every £1 of rent paid. The same rule applies to farms paying upwards of this sum. Thus, though a farm paying £500 a year of rent might be stocked at, say, from £10 to £11 for every £1 of rent paid, yet it would be a hard bargain to pay a rental of £1000, say, for a stock worth only £10,000 or £11,000 in all if sold off. The stock of a farm paying such a rental ought to be of the value of upwards of £12,000, showing that £12 at least of invested capital is represented on a thousand a year farm for every £1 of rent paid.

We next come to tracts of country paying upwards of £1000 a year. Here no fixed figure can be laid down as the probable amount of capital invested, compared with the rent paid, as so much depends on the prudence of the investor. He may get a great bargain, or he may lose money, but as it requires a considerable sum of money to stock a tract of land valued at upwards of a thousand a year, the competition is naturally limited and not so keen as for smaller farms, as only the large capitalists can compete, and being comparatively few in number, they stand to get better bargains as a rule than small farmers do who are subject to so much more competition.

It has already been shown that the crofter pays £1 of rent for every £6 he has of capital invested in the soil. A farm paying £200 a year pays a rental of about £1 for every £8 or £9 of invested capital. A farm paying say £500 should pay about £1

of rent for every £10 to £11 of invested capital. And one paying £1000 a year pays only £1 of rent for every £12 and upwards of invested capital. And the man who pays a higher rental than this, his bankruptcy is but a question of time. So let the matter be twisted in any way we like, or let us look at it from any or from all sides, we find the crofter paying a higher rental than the sheep farmer; and it has been explained how he can afford to do so; hence it follows that so far as the interests of the proprietor are concerned, crofters would pay him much better than sheep, provided always the situation was a favourable one for the crofter.

In my former article, already referred to, I showed the crofts were not self-supporting to a family, provided they were not of a certain size, and even then under peculiar circumstances we had difficulties to contend against. Yet it does not follow from this that the crofter's land is too highly rented, for he always makes or ought to make a return of three rentals out of his holding; but the fact is, his holding is so small, that his rent is a mere bagatelle in comparison to his yearly requirements. This, however, has nothing to do with the consideration of the question in the light in which we are now considering it, namely, the value of the soil to the proprietor, for it was a point of value that caused the evictions. The value of the land to the proprietor depends on a variety of circumstances, such as the power of production, the demand for its produce, or other advantages in connection with its occupancy. So far as the proprietor is concerned, it matters not to him whether the demand arises from the land's productive properties for food raising purposes, or from its qualities and powers for the gratification of luxuries. No matter to him whether its capabilities be that of affording shooting to the Sassenach, or if its traditions have the effect of raising patriotic emotions in the breast of the crofter, which induces him to covet so much the possession of a footing on his native heath. No matter the cause, it is the opportunity of the proprietor to take advantage of the demand.

Steam, and the general prosperity of the country for the past fifty years, have greatly changed the position of the crofter by giving a ready-money value to his labour, while during the height of the evictions we had few or no means, certainly not easy means, of access to the Southern markets; and should we,

we would not have profited much, for those markets, such as they were, were overstocked. No war to give the people employment; they were eating their heads off in the glens. Now, however, matters have changed, and the question is not what it was, so much as what it is; instead therefore of going back to the old policy, is it not our duty to encourage the crofting system, not only in a pound, shilling, and pence light so far as the proprietor's interests are concerned, but in the larger one of the many advantages arising from the guarantee for the good behaviour of a society having an interest in the soil, and a stake in the country. It is a question for speculation what our population might now be, had the evictions not taken place. Perhaps we might be suffering from land hunger as it is reported is the case in Ireland. (Some people point to the state of Ireland and say, would it not be madness to encourage people to settle on your land, who would probably turn round afterwards and confiscate your property? Under such circumstances, it certainly would be madness to encourage people, but Irish disaffection is not caused by the number of people to the acre, but arises from other and long-standing causes, which it is not the object of this to touch upon). It is certain the evictions checked population, and that too at a time when our laws were hard and un pitying to the poor. He who regrets this check, has ample unction at hand, in the certainty of the fact, that we have still among us, the germs to guarantee an ample population for the future.

What we really want now, is capital, to begin with, and this cannot be got without a little trouble and perseverance, and a certain amount of thrift. Our land laws should therefore be directed to this end, namely, to encourage thrifty habits among our agricultural classes. Hitherto, the crofter at any rate, instead of getting such encouragement, has had every obstacle thrown in his way, and the fact of his existence and having even flourished under such adverse circumstances, is proof that he is indigenuous to the place, and suited to it.

As a rule, people engaged in agricultural pursuits are unacquainted with Commerce or Speculation, in the Stock Exchange sense of the word, and can apply their savings in no other way than by an investment in some shape or other in the soil, which is quite natural and right, as agriculture is the subject they know



best. And any law which tends to discourage the investment of the agriculturist's savings in the soil is detrimental to the interests of both tenant and proprietor, and should therefore be swept away.

There has been much wild speculation and many impracticable suggestions put forward lately regarding our land laws—hinting at schemes for the general spoliation of property, which cannot be noticed in this paper—but in the interest of the tenant, more than a change, as above indicated, should not be asked for, because more could not be conceded in the interests of all concerned.

SKAEBOST, October 11th, 1881.

L. MACDONALD.

THE first chapter on "The Mathesons of Lochalsh" will appear in the December number.

A STEAMER ON LOCH MAREE.—We are informed on good authority that arrangements are in progress for placing a steamer on this magnificent lake next summer. This was proposed and advocated by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* in a London Scottish paper more than twelve years ago.

THE KILT IN ROSS-SHIRE.—It has been virtually settled that Ross-shire is to reverse the false step and unpatriotic blunder made a few years ago when the County Battalion of Rifle Volunteers went into trews and discarded the kilt. The next new uniform is to be the Highland dress. How else could they dare to call themselves "Seaforth Highlanders?" We always believed the county to be sound on the question of the kilt, though snobbery prevailed for a time, and brought it into temporary disrepute among Highlanders all over the world.

ANGUS MACDONALD, THE GLEN-URQUHART BARD, shows poetic genius of a high order in the few poems of his which have yet seen the light. He has left much matter in MS. which, it is understood, will soon be published. His poems in *The Gael* and in the *Inverness Transactions* remind us of the productions of very kindred spirits, Livingstone and R. Macdougall. He and Livingstone seem to have diligently cultivated the style and manner of Ossian, particularly of the Gaelic of 1807. He was a master of rich idiomatic Gaelic, and having also the "accomplishment of verse," he could make himself terrible or tender, just as his muse was stirred. He had a particularly true eye for the beauties of nature; and is always accurate and graphic in his descriptions. He possessed a keen and cultivated ear—was a teacher of music for some time; so his verse is full of melody and harmonious cadences. He excelled in poetry of the Ossianic type; but like all masters of the art he shows also much tenderness in his love lyrics. He was appointed the first bard to the Inverness Gaelic Society, an office now filled by Mrs Mackellar. He received in 1869 a medal for a prize poem from "The Club of True Highlanders," London.—*Literature of the Highlands in the Glasgow Herald*.

## EVICTIONS AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

BY AN EX-FACTOR.

## II.

**CROFT FARMING.**—In my paper on Highland Clearances in your Magazine for October, I mentioned some of our land-owners' excuses, when exchanging for sheep and game,

The bold peasantry, their country's pride.

Other excuses of the devastators are, the climate, the soil, and its limited extent for crofts; all which they say are so bad and insufficient that evicting the people is kindness to them.

As to the climate: having lived in the south, and abroad, and having also for about half-a-century earned much of my bread as a farmer on our north-east and north-west coasts, growing stock and all the ordinary rotation crops, I assert that any advantages enjoyed by farmers in more sunny lands are more than balanced in favour of our depreciated northern climate by its mild, moist atmosphere, especially in the north-west. And when the large tenants, like myself and others, have found farming, side by side with the crofters, reasonably profitable (too many of us on the very land from which they had been evicted) the excuse for removing them on account of the climate or soil will not bear examination.

The evictors then point to the crofters' poor crops, compared with what is found generally on large farms. As to this, the people are satisfied that no food is to be compared with oatmeal for health and strength; and they are right. Consequently, forgetting that no food is more portable, now that roads and steam are found everywhere, they have not yet, for want of instruction, given up their old strivings to grow as much grain as possible—injuring the fertility of their land, and unaware, moreover, that no crop returns so poor a profit for the outlay as grain.

Had their landlords wisely studied agriculture in theory and practice, they could have shown their crofters that grass and green crops were far more profitable than corn, and that they should get their meal from drier, sunny lands, where grass and green

crops, unless irrigated, cannot compete with similar crops in the North-West Highlands. And unprejudiced enquirers will easily learn that growing corn in our uncertain Highland climate never can return the same profits as flow from dairy and stock farming. Our soil, of course, varies in different localities; but, while we too often see heather, rushes, and wood growing over what was once a croft occupied by a happy family, the land perhaps superior to what was being profitably cultivated by the adjoining large farmer, I have hardly ever seen crofting attempted on land which would not quite well pay for its cultivation, if that was done by the spade.

All around Inverness and elsewhere our fine large farms were lately moors since brought into cultivation by evicted crofters. There are exceptions, such as the Duke of Sutherland's and Mr Matheson's reclamations, now large arable farms improved from moors regardless of expense. But with these few exceptions, all our large northern farms, most of them formed in my own day, are merely a collection of crofts, their industrious improvers having been evicted, and their landlords getting high rents from the new tenants for the very land that we are now told was not worth the crofters' cultivation, while *they* are yet waiting even for thanks for reclaiming these moors. So much for the excuse of clearing away our crofters "because the land is too poor to support them." In truth, thousands of them have been cleared off to America from land quite as able to support them as the soil that now does so, "far from their home, loved land."

Then, sometimes, even the crofters' friends, and newspaper commissioners also, as untaught in agriculture as themselves, tell us "that our crofters' poverty arises from their having too little land; a family [they say] requiring at least ten acres to grow sufficient food for the year, and pay also a rent;" and that a crofter with less land must leave home and family most of the year searching for employment. Now, nothing is more common than the ruin of farmers from having too much land for their capital, and so it is and must be with the ordinary crofter, when he promises a full rent for more than five acres of land.

There are three ways of cultivating land: by the mockery of the caschrom (or Highland land parer), by the plough, and by the spade. The latter is the only instrument worth mention-

ing as a real cultivator, and as far ahead of the plough as the plough is preferable to the caschrom. Now, I have never heard of an average family capable of spade-cultivating properly in a year more than five acres of ordinary land, and I cannot see the wisdom of giving more land to farmers or crofters than they can cultivate properly and profitably. I don't discuss cultivating ordinary crofts by the plough. Keeping or hiring a horse for such work, and expecting the croft to feed it, and the family also, from the land, could only be advised by and to the ignorant.

Therefore, no crofter should occupy more than five acres of arable land, for, whatever the soil may be, I defy him to cultivate more than this extent profitably. His "miserable crops" are simply the result of bad cultivation, and very seldom of bad soil. And for bad cultivation the landlord should be blamed. God expects him to care for and instruct the ignorant people of whom he is in charge, or else let a wiser man take his place. Such is the landlord's duty to God and man, and if he is a Christian such would be his chief pleasure as well as profit. Can God's blessing be expected in any way by those who escape from this duty by exterminating the poor, troublesome, because untaught and uncared for people?

Without going into details of croft farming here, I may say that in 1842 I examined many small crofts in England. On one of three acres of very poor dry soil, I found two cows always house-fed from the crops grown on it. From them 423 lbs. of butter had been sold within the year (worth now about £27); besides crops sold for £18, and two calves for £5 10s. In all over £50 sold, besides the skim milk used, and vegetables from the garden. And assuredly our average Highland crofts are, if properly cultivated, capable of giving greater profits. But the English crofts were spade-worked only, and were like gardens. No horse, no plough, no caschrom, no weeds anywhere visible, and the crops coaxed to do their best by constant help from the stable tank. I found the cows groomed like racers, feeding on leaves picked from the garden beanstalks, the pods having previously gone to the kitchen; no waste being tolerated on these crofts. And "what man has done, man can do," anywhere, if properly taught, with very few exceptions indeed.

And we only need Christian Highland landowners, really

caring more for their people than for amusement, and the country would speedily overflow with thousands of thriving, happy, Christian crofter families, growing far more food than they could consume, and exchanging their supplies for other required necessities of life and comfort; and thus gladdening the hearts of our manufacturers with a steady home demand, so that they might care much less than they do now about the coveted foreign market.

Landlords sometimes shake their heads about the money needed to house the crofters, who are now sometimes wished back again to give cheaper labour to the large farmers. Of course, if they employ architects regardless of economy, the expense would be serious, but not if the matter was wisely arranged. Indeed, many crofters would put up their own houses on reasonable terms. My griever (*i.e.*, bailiff) for twenty-four years was the brother of the salmon-fisher mentioned in my last. He had saved money, and was anxious to be his own master; went over to Canada, got a farm there under wood, and in a few years had plenty for self and family. But he told me he never imagined what hard work was till improving his new land, and that half the labour spent on most of our crofts would have given him as good crops as he was growing in Canada.

**CROFT CULTIVATION.**—After landlords' excuses for evicting our crofters into villages or towns, on the plea that our soil and climate prevent their existing on small crofts and also paying a rent, we may examine the supposed proofs of this, as pointed at in the poor crops too often found on our crofts.

No wise farmer looks for good crops anywhere except from land that has been trenched, cleared, drained, limed, and properly manured. But where is the croft that has really had even one of these advantages? Over most of it a spade will tell that the apparently trenched soil is merely a few inches deep above stones, and a well drained croft will be hard to find anywhere; while, as to liming, if one in a thousand has gone to this expense, the lime has not been applied carefully, in a state of dry powder, and thus invisible on the land; but, as usual, in lumps, too much here and none there, and so not really within reach of every rootlet as it ought to be, and is the case, in all properly limed land,

Then where is the crofter whose cattler are fully fed all winter with green food, and their manure so produced protected from having its valuable matters destroyed, either by overheating or exposure to the weather, till safely covered by the soil? Or where is the crofter who is aware that without carefully selected and frequently changed seed, and timely sowing, reaping, &c., he need not expect good returns for his labour? Reply says, "Nowhere;" so that no wonder if his crops do not even equal those of the large horse-cultivated farm adjoining; while newspaper commissioners in their ignorance of agriculture tell us that the soil and climate is the cause of the crofters' poor crops. Let them first show us landlords who have taught their crofters practical, good agriculture, and have seen their instructions really carried out, and yet failed, ere our soil and climate are blamed for our crofters' poverty. Till then, driving them into towns or abroad, on the plea of anxiety for their welfare, is (as Fouché said to Bonaparte of his murder of the Duc d'Enghien) "worse than a crime, it is a dreadful blunder."

Yet, supposing the crofter weaned from his old plans of cultivation and taught to copy his neighbouring large farmer, that may be an improvement of matters, but as different from what they could or should be as night is from day; because the returns from ordinary rotations of crop as followed, say in Britain, are miserable compared with what can every year be got from grass or green crops only. Those who live in sunny regions may grow grain for our use, but in our Highland climate only rich folks should expect a comfortable livelihood from a rotation of grain crops, and all others should give mind and body to growing grass, hay-straw from corn cut when full grown, and green crops for producing meat, and dairy matters.

In the Highlands only one crop of grain is got from the land yearly, which, under grass, or clover, or lucern, sainfoin, or comfrey, will give several crops in the same time, each of them of more value than the grain crop, grown more easily, and almost regardless of weather. No sinking of heart in the growers of such crops, for fear of wet weather to lay and sprout the corn, destroy their year's labour, and ruin them; but blessings on every shower, as the great food and money producers in summer, while in winter hay from oat or other straw, or from grass, or clover, or



lucern, or sainfoin, &c., with cabbages, turnips, and mangold, will make all house-fed stock that has passed through the previous winter, fed in the usual dry straw and turnip way, and consequent short return of milk, or fat growing, wonder at the great improvement in their food; while the crofter, if formerly bred in farming after the manner of the ancients, will be equally surprised and pleased by the very different return from his summer and winter house-fed sheep and cattle, compared with what they gave him under the old happy-go-lucky, weather-permitting, grain-seeking system. I have said house-fed, because the same land that will pasture a cow or sheep in summer will give ample food for several, if it is given to them in the house and no pasturing allowed till the food cannot be cut and taken to the stable.

Those who have their agriculture to learn are satisfied that a cow always house-fed must be unhealthy, and give less milk than her sister parading about in a daisy or buttercup spangled field. No mistake can be greater. Expose a milk cow to a raw east wind, or to a cold rain, or to a scorching sun, and next morning compare her milk pail with what she usually gives in fine mild weather. The result will surprise her owner, and make him resolve never again to expose her to such mischief. No cow will give her full quantity of milk unless the skin is in a perfectly healthy condition; neither too cold, nor too hot, nor too wet, nor too dry, naturally, and which can only be managed by house-feeding. Only, when housed, she must be as carefully groomed and cared for there as if she were the best race-horse.

Another most serious objection to pasturing stock will easily present itself to any intelligent person who considers that a plant, say of clover, will give more food if merely cut over and then allowed to grow again without any further injury, than if the lower buds on its root are crushed by, say a cow's heavy foot; and this, probably, over and over again in pasturing almost daily, destroying all reasonable hopes of a second growth from such crushed buds, which, if protected from injury, would immediately push up a new stem and so keep growing till winter. The result being that the plants from a piece of land, which, if cut and eaten in the stable, would feed a cow well for weeks, if pastured will only keep her in food for a few days. Pasturing any animals is indeed only for careless, ignorant, or



too rich people, except where the plants are so short that they cannot be cut and carried to the feeding stall.

An idea prevails among superficial agriculturists, who judge from the number of persons employed yearly on a hundred acre farm, that an average family cannot find employment on a five acre croft. But, supposing five persons to the crofter family, all will be employed constantly about their land or stock, preparing to sow, and sowing, attending to manure, weeding, reaping, cleaning and feeding stock (which will include poultry, pigs, and bees, and perhaps sheep, as well as cattle), marketing, and household work. These duties will keep any average family busily and profitably employed on five acres of ordinary land all the year round. The same attention to the land on a 100 acre farm would employ 500 hands, instead of the usual mere fraction of that number who manage by horses, ploughs, and harrows, to give an *appearance* of cultivation to the land and attention to the stock; but as different in reality from a well cared-for croft as a garden of five acres under one man would be to the same under twenty persons of all ages.

Observe the labour employed on his land by a market gardener, and without which he never could pay the enormous rent he does, besides supporting his family. Ask him how he would get on if his land was merely ploughed and harrowed over the usual atom of nominal manure spread on it once in every four or five years. He would think lightly indeed of the enquirer's wisdom, and feel certain that *he* knew nothing about cultivating land.

And I have yet to learn why all our arable land should not be cultivated as thoroughly as what the market gardener manages. The only possible reason is that we have not hands so to cultivate it. Some may say, if so cultivated we could not consume its produce. Perhaps not, if only ordinary vegetables were grown on every acre or croft. But if crops were also grown for cattle and sheep, pigs and poultry, and flowers for bees, every croft and all our arable land ought assuredly to be cultivated like a market garden; thus employing profitably and happily a population very different from what we have now on our large farm system, and producing a vast deal more food than farms so managed do now.

An idea prevails that such a mass of population would eat

up more than they produced. That merely arises from believing that they will not work, and it will never trouble wise folks. As well say that the whole produce of a market garden is consumed by the gardeners, who have nothing left for rent or wages!

But details as to cultivation of crofts and managing stock rationally would take up more space than many Celtic readers might think desirable at present. I will merely conclude now by mentioning that I see a person frequently, whose one cow, miserably fed and cared for compared with what it should be, which, besides a full supply of milk for a family of six persons, averages more than £30 yearly for milk sold at threepence the quart. Those who meditate on this return may easily find out what a well-fed cow on a farm ought to cost yearly for her keep, remembering also that the cow in question is what farmers would term a bad milker.

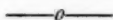
EILEANACH, INVERNESS.

JOHN MACKENZIE, M.D.

THE NEW TOWN-CLERK OF INVERNESS.—Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Solicitor, Town Councillor, Magistrate, and Town-Clerk, within the short space of three years, is perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of a successful career for a young man that was ever realised in the Highland Capital. But rare though such a career be, it is admitted on all hands that Mr Macdonald's success is well deserved. The new Town-Clerk is quite self-made, having had no influence whatever in his favour, but his own personal qualities—conspicuous ability, clear-headedness, agreeable manner, and sterling honesty of purpose in the performance of his public duties since he entered the Town Council about three years ago. Last year he was unanimously elected a Magistrate by his fellow-councillors, and a few weeks ago, also unanimously, to the responsible and lucrative office of Joint Town-Clerk and Clerk to the Police Commissioners, to perform and be solely responsible for all the duties of the respective offices, and ultimately to succeed Mr Dallas in all the honours and emoluments. And all this has taken place in the professional career of a young man about thirty years of age, with the entire approval of the whole community. It may not perhaps be generally known, that in his early years, Mr Macdonald gave proofs of the ability which has been so early and so substantially acknowledged by those regularly engaged with him in the public business of the town, and who were thus the best able to judge of his qualifications for his present position. Our late friend, Mr Alexander Fraser, Registrar, and at one time a teacher in Inverness, used to say that Mr Macdonald, when a boy, was his best scholar and the dux of the school. He studied afterwards in the University of Glasgow, and in 1870, his first year, he secured the Second Prize given by the Dean of Faculty for "eminence" in a written examination on the completion of Titles in Feudal Conveyancing. He was also that year placed on the Honour List for eminence in the ordinary examination of the class throughout the Session. In his second year, 1871, he "so distinguished himself that he gained the First of the Class Prizes for eminence throughout the Session." He also gained the First of the Prizes given by the Faculty of Procurators for a written examination on Commercial Law. Every Highlander must be interested in one who, at so early an age, secured the blue ribbon of the Northern bar; and the benefit likely to accrue to the town in consequence, can only be properly estimated by those who are acquainted with the inner workings of our Municipal Parliament. We are glad to say that the new Town-clerk is not altogether a stranger to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, though hitherto he has been pleased to hide his light under a bushel.

## CERTAIN PROVERBIAL SAYINGS

TRACED TO ALASTAIR MAC CHOLLA-CHIOTAICH, AT INVERLOCHY.



I AM ashamed to say, dear Mr Editor, how long a time it is since I promised to send you something for your excellent monthly, the *Celtic Magazine*, which I am glad to know is now an established favourite in all the Colonies as well as at home. Should you consider the following worthy of a place in the *Ceilteach*, it is very heartily at your service. I can only regret that this my stone in aid and augmentation of your Celtic *cairn* for November is of less weight and value than I could wish. As it is, however, it is yours to do with as you please. If you think it worth a place in the Magazine, insert it by all means, and welcome. If otherwise, I shall not be in the least angry if you toss it to your handmaiden to help to kindle the morning fire, the first time, with the thermometer at freezing point, you find yourself shouting impatiently for your matutinal cup of *café au lait*.

Here in Nether-Lochaber some ten years before the middle of the seventeenth century lived a man whose name, according to the tradition which locally immortalizes him, was *Eachann Mac Uilleachan*, but who was best known to his immediate neighbours as *Eachann-nan-Sgliurach*. In the Hebrides and along the western seaboard, a young gull still in its first year's plumage, is called a *sgliurach*, the adult bird alone being the true *faoileann* or gull proper, and the foresaid *Eachann Mac Uilleachan* being an expert trapper of all sorts of wild beasts and snarer of birds, he came to know that young gulls in immature plumage are very good eating; so good that having somehow once tasted them, *Eachann* preferred them to all other food, and thus got to be called *Eachann-nan-Sgliurach*, a cognomen of reproach and contempt; for the average Gaël, as you know, whether of the mountain or the shore, would rather starve than make a meal of a sea gull young or old, it being considered in some mysterious sense "unclean," though why more so than any other web-foot, it would be difficult to say. *Eachann*, by his mother's side, was connected with the Macleans of Mull, and he frequently went to that island on a visit to his numerous cousins and kinsmen, who were always very kind to

him, and all the more so because he was generally accounted somewhat silly, in certain directions, indeed, largely *non compos mentis*, though those who knew him best were of opinion that, upon the whole, he was very much more rogue than fool. When returning from Mull on one occasion he was entrusted with letters from the Laird of Lochbuy and his chief of Duart to their cousin-lairds of Kingerloch and Ardgour, as well as to Keppoch, Glengarry, and Lochiel; and these he delivered so safely, secretly, and with so much despatch, that he soon became largely entrusted with the most important and delicate missions between the leading families in Lochaber and those of the neighbouring districts. Eachann's home, if a peripatetic bachelor as he was could be said to have any proper home at all, was a small bothy near the present bridge of Torr-a-challtuinn, on the farm of Coruanan, a spot afterwards famous in the history of Lochaber, as the birthplace, towards the close of the 18th century, of the celebrated scholar and bard, Ewen MacLachlan, usually styled "of Aberdeen." The chiefs, lairds, and others with whose letters and verbal messages he was so largely entrusted, were of course on friendly terms with Eachann Mac Uilleachan; and each and any of them would readily have given him a more comfortable dwelling than his wattled bothy at Torr-a-challtuinn; but Eachann was a born wanderer, and he preferred the hill-side and the sea-shore, and a feast of ember-broiled *sgliurach* in his own bothy, or sitting *al fresco* on a rock by the sea, to all the ease and comfort of habitation, and all the daintier meats his powerful patrons could offer him.

So far the personality of our hero is somewhat shadowy and dim, but in the traditions still connecting us with the stirring times of 1644-45, and more particularly in a satirical song of that time, some verses of which still survive, we have a photograph of Eachann in its main features sharply enough defined. He was a man of middle age, tall, but with a stoop and twist of the spine that was ungainly. He was deeply pitted with the smallpox. He squinted hideously, and he was splay-footed. He was, in short, neither handsome nor a beauty, very much the contrary; but he was, all the same, a man of uncommon strength, and so formidable an antagonist when fairly roused that but few cared to give him any cause of offence. He was, as may be judged

from what has already been said, possessed of much shrewdness and cunning, and rarely failed in the successful accomplishment of anything in his character of intermediary he took in hand. He carried a large pike staff in his hand, and a formidable dagger in belt; and on his back a large wallet made of badger skins, in which he carried his traps and snares, and always a plentiful supply of his darling food—broiled *sgliurach*.

On Candlemas day, the 2d February 1645, was fought the Battle of Inverlochy, and how that day went is well known. It was a grievous day for the Campbells, for they were routed with immense slaughter. Eachann MacUilleachan was present, whether as a combatant or mere spectator, tradition sayeth not; but all his sympathies must naturally have been with Montrose and the clans, amongst whom he had for some time been an active messenger-bearer and go-between. In a song attributed to the celebrated *Ian Lom*, he is referred to as the bearer of secret despatches in the following lines:—

Nall thar caol Mhuile  
Thainig Eachann Mac Uilleachan,  
'Giulan leis duilleag  
'Bha duilich a leughadh.

(Across the Sound of Mull  
Came Hector Mac Uilleachan,  
Bearing with him a leaflet  
That was difficult to read.)

referring probably to some letter in cipher from the Macleans of Mull to their friends on the mainland.

Now the reader must know that in Lochaber we have a saying which puzzled us extremely when we first heard it many years ago: "*Rìghinn, rìghinn, mar 'bha 'n sgliurach 'thug Eachann MacUilleachain do dh' Alastair MacCholla-Chiotach*" (Tough, tough, as was the *sgliurach* given by Hector MacUilleachain to Alastair MacColkittoch). The saying is used when one encounters a vastly more difficult task than he has bargained for, and more particularly and pointedly when any food in the shape of flesh or fowl is so fiddle-stringy and tough that even a hungry man can make little or nothing of it. It was only after much curious inquiry that we discovered that the phrase was traceable to the afternoon of *Latha Inverlochaidh*, as the Highlanders say,

—the Day of Inverlochty. We betook ourselves, as many a time we did, for light and aid in similar bepuzzlements to our dear good friend and co-presbyter, the late Rev. Dr Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, and he helped us to some of the story of Eachann MacUilleachain as given above; but to satisfy us more fully, he sent for his parish schoolmaster, the late Mr James Munro of Blarour, so distinguished as a grammarian, scholar, and bard, and so remarkable for his vast stores of Celtic traditions and all manner of folk-lore. It was then that for the first time we were made acquainted with the origin of the phrase that had so puzzled us, though some years afterwards we had the story of Eachann MacUilleachain even more fully than Mr Munro had it, from one of the very last of the genuine old Seannachies, the late John Mackenzie of North Ballachulish, better known as *Ian Bàn a' Chaiginn*, and of whom some of our readers may perhaps know something from our frequent mention of him in some of our papers on old Gaelic poetry and folk-lore in the *Inverness Courier*.

The saying "Rìghinn, rìghinn," &c., originated in the following way:—On the afternoon of Inverlochty rations were scarce in the Highland camp, owing probably to the hurried day and night mountain march from Killchuimin, and to there hardly being time as yet for any supplies to come in from the neighbouring hamlets. One of the men in immediate attendance on Major-General Alastair Macdonald, or MacColkittoch, as he is more frequently called, while looking about for something for his master's table, came upon a man seated by a small fire on the shingle near the mouth of the Lochy. Broiling on the fire was what from its upturned web-feet the man took to be a duck, and very savoury from out the wood fire embers came its essential odours on the evening breeze. The man by the fire, the reader will rightly guess, was Eachann, and what the Major-General's servant took for a duck was in very truth not even a *sgliurach*, juvenile and tender, but an old gull, which was all the hungry Eachan had managed to secure for his evening meal. While the rightful owner was occupied in gathering a few more sticks, wherewith to replenish his fire, MacColkittoch's man made a dart at the fire, seizing the supposed duck by the leg, and made off at gull-speed to his master's tent; Eachann's shouts the while and swift-winged maledictions rattling about his ears like a hailstorm. In



a few minutes MacColkittoch had the "duck" before him, which, having carved with his dagger, he was eating or endeavouring to eat, for he was thoroughly hungry, when his henchman, who was still in attendance, asked him how he found it? whereupon the gallant Major-General shook his head dolefully, and through a mouthful of fiddle-strings and tendons, answered, "Rìghinn, rìghinn!" (Tough, tough!) and thus the phrase, originating with a man so high in rank and of such repute with the clans, and in connection with an incident so ludicrous otherwise, soon passed into proverbial use, and survives to this day.

But there is another saying also connected with this incident which we have heard used, though not so frequently as that already quoted: "*Tha i mar a bha i, air mo shonsa'*, mar a thubhairt Alastair MacCholla-Chiotaich ri Eachann-nan-sgliurach" (She is as she was, for me, as Alasdair MacColkittoch said to the juvenile-seagull-loving Hector). The origin of this phrase our venerable friend Ian Ban a' Chaigiun explained as follows:—While MacColkittoch was doing his best with a leg of the "duck," Eachann having traced the thief to his lair, burst into the Major-General's tent in a state of terrible rage, vowing vengeance on the thief, and more than hinting that the receiver of stolen property was about as bad as the actual thief himself. MacColkittoch, at once understanding how it was, and glad to be quit of the tough morsel on any terms, handed the dismembered fowl—the leg upon which he had been operating and all—to Eachann, with the quasi-consolatory accompaniment, "So dhuit i Eachainn, le' m' uile cridhe! *Tha i mar a bha i air mo shonsa'*" (Here, take her, Hector, with all my heart! She is as she was for me; that is, for any impression I have been able to make upon her)—applied when we have intermeddled in a matter, with which we had no proper concern, and willingly give up the whole affair with such consolation to all parties as may be found in the assurance that it is neither better nor worse for anything we had to do with it.

The story of MacColkittoch and the *sqliurach* was too good not to be repeated in the camp, and probably with all the embellishments and exaggerations usual in such cases. It became so sore a subject with the Major-General and his immediate friends and dependents, that one duel at least was fought over it; and although in the noise and tumult of the stirring events that



immediately succeeded Inverlochy, such a ludicrous trifle was sure to be forgotten, it was one of those things certain to be revived in more peaceful times, and to be repeated with sufficient frequency and point to entitle its peculiar phraseology to a place on the roll of the proverbial sayings of a people always ready to seize upon and make the most of the ludicrous side of every incident and event.

Few of our readers need be told that the proper name of Montrose's brave Major-General was Alexander Macdonald, although to the Highlanders better and more lovingly known as *Alastair MacCholla-Chiotaich*, that is, Alexander the son of Coll the Left-Handed; or more patronymically and sonorously still, *Alastair MacCholla-Chiotaich-'ic-'Illeaspuig*, Alexander son of Coll the Left-Handed (who was the) son of Archibald: and it is not a little curious to find the gallant loyalist, by an attempt at all these appellations, in a sonnet of his great contemporary Milton, who if as a poet divine, was *quoad ultra* in every phase of him very much of the earth, earthy; the abettor of regicides, the buttress of usurpation, and the Billingsgate-tongued controversialist. Milton had written a treatise on Divorce; which treatise, with a pedantry which when off his Pegasus and afoot was habitual with him, he entitled "Tetrachordon." His treatise found no favour, and deserved to find no favour; and its pedantic title was laughed at. Milton wrote a sonnet in defence of the title of his treatise, in which for once he tries to be humorous without being coarse, and fairly succeeds. He mentions, without knowing that they belonged to the same person, the names Macdonnel, Colkitto, and Galasp (*Gilleaspuig*), and wonders why his "Tetrachordon" should sound more harshly in men's ears than these. Here is the sonnet itself, which is interesting because of its mention of Alexander Macdonald, and because of its being the most successful of Milton's attempts at humorous composition:—

A book was writ of late, called "Tetrachordon,"  
And woven close, both matter, form and stile;  
The subject new; it walked the town awhile,  
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.  
Cries the stale reader, Bless us! what a word on  
A title-page is this! And some, in file,  
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,

*Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?*

Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,  
Which would have made Quintilian stare and gasp,  
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp;  
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek.

It only remains to be said, on the authority of tradition, that the famous Eachann MacUilleachain lived to a great age, and was buried in Eilean Munnnde of Lochleven.

NETHER-LOCHABER.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.—This month we appear, as promised in our last, very much enlarged and materially improved, and, thanks to our many good friends, we venture to think that from a literary point of view this number will more than favourably compare with any of its predecessors. In this connection we may perhaps be pardoned if we acknowledge with considerable appreciation and gratitude the kind and encouraging way in which the critics and the general public have almost invariably received and commended our efforts, but especially the manner in which our last number, and our intimation in it of greater improvement and progress in the future, was received. The Editor of the *Oban Times* in an otherwise flattering notice says, "An enlargement and improvement of the *Celtic* is announced this month. Next issue begins volume seven, and the editor is ambitious to mark the red-letter day by an improved magazine. We had thought the *Celtic* about perfect, but this view is not held apparently by its conductor." The *Oban Telegraph* says—"The editor informs his readers that the seventh volume will commence next month, and will possess the attraction of improved paper and type, though we are hardly inclined to think that these were necessary. We are glad to learn, however, that we are to be favoured with sixteen additional pages. . . . We know of no serial which, from month to month, preserves the same high standard of excellence as the *Celtic Magazine*." The *Greenock Telegraph* is equally complimentary, and, after describing our last as "a brilliant number," concludes a long notice by saying that "every leal-hearted Highlander ought to support this excellent periodical." With scarcely an exception the northern papers are equally complimentary. We shall certainly try to deserve the same gratifying commendations in the future.

## SIMON, LORD LOVAT'S WARNING.

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THE following Gaelic verses were composed by the Rev. John Farquharson, a priest in Strathglass for several years before and for a short time after the eventful 1745. It is evident from the very plain terms in which he addressed and warned his neighbour, the notorious Simon Lord Lovat of the 'Forty-five, that he had no very good opinion of him. His Lordship had incarcerated the priest's clerk in the "Red Dungeon" at Beauuly, for fishing salmon in the River Glass, at Fasnakyle, about twenty miles above the Falls of Kilmorack. His reverence went to obtain the release of his clerk, but my Lord Simon was obdurate, and refused to open the door of the cell. It will be seen that the priest was very displeased, but he was not to be foiled by any old or young sinner; consequently he fulminated the severe censure embodied in the subjoined verses against his Lordship.

Soon after, Lord Simon attended a dinner party at Eskadale, on which occasion one of the gentlemen present recited the verses. Lovat at once attributed them to Mrs Fraser of Guisachan, a well-known poet, but being assured that the author was no other than the Rev. Mr Farquharson, his Lordship appeared much confused, scarcely uttered another word at the party, and soon went on his way to Beaufort Castle. Self-willed as he is said to have been, it seems that he had no wish to call forth any more disagreeable prophecies; for he immediately released the clerk. It is possible he may have thought more of the verses than he was at the time willing to admit; anyhow, shortly before his death, he sent for Father Baker, priest of the Tower Hamlets in London at that time, to prepare him for his end. I believe I am right in stating that the Rev. Mr Farquharson was of the family of Inverey in Braemar, and nearly related to the chief of the Clan Farquharson. The name of the priest's clerk was Alexander Chisholm, known as Alastair Bàn MacDhomhnuill 'ic Uilleam, great-grand uncle of Alexander Chisholm, presently occupying the farm of Craskie, Strathglass. The faithful Domhnall MacUilleam, Alastair's father, was killed on Culloden Moor, while carrying his commander, Rory, the Chisholm's youngest son, mortally wounded off the field in his arms.

Appended is also an English version, translated last week by a Strathglass novice, merely to give the non-Gaelic reader an idea of the original.

INVERNESS, 8th October 1881.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

'Mhic Shimidh mosgail ad' shuain,  
Erich suas is cuimhnich t-olc,  
Rinn thu do-bheart nas leor,  
Tha deireadh do sgeoil a teannadh ort.

Tha 'n aois a cuir doill air do cheill,  
'S alluidh an dreun a chi mi ort,  
Fear muinntir fhir muinntir Dhe,  
Bhi 'n talla breun le neor-thoirt.

Na bi a cuir saradh air Dia,  
'S fear gun chiall a bheanadh dha,  
'S nach fhaodar a dhol thar a cheart,  
'S gur maireann a neart 's gach la.

Tha Cleireach an t-sagairt an laimh,  
'S neor-thaingeil sin do 'n Phap ;  
Am fear a thug roimh thus a guais,  
'S olc an duais a thug thu dha.

'S iomadh donas 's diombuaidh,  
'Chunnaic do shluagh riamh ri d'thim,  
B'e sud an donas gun agh,  
Chuir sonas gu brath dhe 'n dith.

Nis on chaidh do chiall air chall,  
'S gun tug thu ball o'n fhear nach coir,  
Feuch an leir le do rosg,  
Meud an rosaid tha na d' lorg.

Ge uaibhreach thu 'n deireadh do neart,  
Ge buadhail do bheachd a do shealbh,  
Tha burn a tighinn fothad gun fhios,  
'S mis'd thu gun bristear t' airm.

'S mis'd thu MacCailean a bhi 'uat,  
'S mis'd thu an taobh tuath gun bhi leat,  
'S mis'd thu gun mheall thu 'n da Rìgh.  
Seal mu'n chuimhuich thu do leas.

Ge mireanach, maiseach thu fein,  
Gu surdail, abardach, treun,  
Ge luinneal mar shionnach nan cleas,  
Tha tuilleadh sa leas a tighinn na dt-eigh.

Tha nathraichean-neimhe san fhraoch,  
Nach cuir thu le druidheachd gu tosd,

Tha tuirc-neimhe ri do thaobh,  
 Feitheamh ri gaoth fhaotainn ort.  
 Tha faisneachd a tighinn gu teach,  
 Gu 'n deanar ort creach gu'n toir,  
 Gu'm faicear do cholluinn gu'n cheann,  
 'S gun bi do chlann mhaoth gun treoir.  
 'S beag iognadh leam cridhe goirt,  
 A bhi gu'n fhois ag fear do bheus,  
 Sa liuthad molachd dhuine bhochd,  
 Chuir thu fod chois gu t-eug.  
 'S mairg a dheasaicheadh dhut caisg,  
 Na chuireadh ola-bhais ri d' chreibh,  
 Na dh' eisdeadh ri t-fhaosaid gun stath,  
 Mar dean thu faoilte ri grasan Dhe.  
 'Mhic Shimidh mosguil a d' shuain,  
 Ge fada 'n duan ruigear a cheann,  
 Tha m' 'fhaisneachd a tighinn gu dligh,  
 'S cha chuir thu i air chul le d' chainnt.

## [TRANSLATION.]

Simon of Lovat, from thy slumbers awake,  
 Bestir thee and mark the evil course of thy ways ;  
 Of mischief enough follows close in thy wake,  
 And now thou art come to the end of thy days.  
 Old age impairs thy reasoning power,  
 Savage frowns I see thee wear ;  
 The servant of God's servant within thy tower  
 Of vile bondage lies with ruthless care.  
 From *poinding* on the Lord's domain,  
 Where none may encroach and sinless stand,  
 Thou senseless man, forthwith refrain,  
 For mighty is the Avenger's hand.  
 Ungrateful, faithless to the Pope,  
 The priest's servant hast thou chained,  
 Forgetting him that made you hope,  
 When by your foes you were arraigned.  
 With hardships and cruelties sorely distressed,  
 In sullenest mood your vassals complain ;  
 Saddest of thoughts ! 'tis freely confessed  
 That happiness now they look for in vain.  
 Now, since reason thy company shuns,  
 And arrestment hast made where thou should'st spare,  
 See if you mark how close to you runs,  
 How hotly pursues the fiend of despair.

## THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Though haughty your mien in the wane of your might,  
 And brilliant the hopes that illumine thy soul,  
 An under current, though hid from your sight,  
 Works the ruin which no force can control.

You now shall miss MacCailean's aid,  
 The men of the North will from you flee ;  
 Now traitor to *both* Kings, 'tis said,  
 You'll dearly pay the traitor's fee.

Though sprightly your step, and pompous your gait,  
 Albeit bold and courageous you be ;  
 Though cunning as the fox that slyly does wait,  
 Thine enemy will find you, though fast you may flee.

In the mountain heath the vipers hide  
 That proof will stand 'gainst thy magic wand ;  
 Vile reptiles creep up by thy side,  
 Waiting for thy fate's command.

By aged Seer it has been said,  
 Though unavenged your herds will go,  
 Your body will be without its head,  
 Your children sad and full of woe.

I marvel not if poignant grief  
 In secret gnaws a heart so base ;  
 You have always been a hated chief,  
 Malignly cursed through all your days.

'Twere bootless to call you to Easter Feast,  
 And bootless anointing your luckless head ;  
 To shrive you 'twere vain, to say the least,  
 If you seek not Him by whom you were made.

Simon of Lovat, from thy slumbers awake,  
 My lengthy rhyme now I have sung ;  
 Thy fate predicted will thee soon overtake,  
 And avert it you cannot by pen or by tongue.

THE HISTORIOGRAPHER-ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.—It is understood that the appointment of Historiographer-Royal for Scotland has been offered to Mr William Forbes Skene, LL.D., D.C.L., on the ground that his historical researches point him out as the person most fit to fill it. Mr Skene is the well-known author of "Celtic Scotland," "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," and various other works throwing much light on the early history of Scotland, and displaying a rare knowledge of the Celtic language and of Celtic literature ; and it is believed that the conferring of this honour on a scholar and historian of such distinction will give universal satisfaction.

## Correspondence.

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### THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—With respect to the interesting legend of the origin of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland, contained in your last number, it may interest your readers to have the historical facts as far as I have been able to gather them.

The melancholy thistle—*Carduus heterophyllus*—was the badge of James the First of Scotland (the first of that name who ruled that kingdom), a most appropriate emblem for that unfortunate family; but yet it had no connection with their history, but was derived from the belief that a decoction of this plant was a sovereign remedy for madness, which in olden times was called “melancholy.”

The true Scottish Thistle is the cotton thistle—*Onopordon Acanthium*. Achaius King of Scotland (in the latter part of the eighth century) is said to have been the first to have adopted the thistle for his device. Favine, the historian, says that Achaius assumed the thistle in combination with the rue—the thistle because it will not endure handling, and the rue because it would drive away serpents by its smell, and by curing their poisonous bites by its juice.

The thistle was not received into the National Arms before the middle of the fifteenth century.—I am, &c.,

SUNDERLAND, Oct. 4, 1881.

JOHN CAMERON.

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### THE MACDONALDS OF DALILEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

4 GROSVENOR TERRACE, GREAT CROSBY,  
Near LIVERPOOL, 15th October 1881.

SIR,—My attention having been directed to a letter which has appeared in a recent number of your magazine in reference to my grandfather, “Macdonald of Dalilea,” as his nearest living descendant, I must protest against the statements put forth in that letter by his nephews-in-law, who say, “The trick occurred in our own time, and we are still living testimonies to his confession of the crime and retractation—that is, though ourselves too young at the time to understand it, we received it afterwards by hearing the above stated and talked over by our father, oldest brother, and sisters.” Of course nothing is easier for them than to attack the character of the dead; they cannot defend themselves—but proof they advance none, unless mere assertions were accepted as such, which is not likely.

If these gentlemen are under the impression that Macdonald of Dalilea put forth an erroneous statement regarding one of their remote ancestors, they might have set forth their own story in a more seemly fashion than by imputing malicious motives and making disgraceful accusations, equally an offence against the living and the dead.—I am, sir, yours truly,

FLORA MACDONALD LAWSON.



## GAELIC SOCIETY BURSARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

12 LOMBARD STREET,  
INVERNESS, 10th October 1881.

SIR,—You were good enough to insert my letter relative to this subject in your October number, and I trust it will not be lost sight of.

The Gaelic Society, with a membership of nearly 400 good Celts and true, should not have much difficulty in raising a fund of about £350 for this special purpose, in order to secure an annual bursary of, say £15, in connection with the "Celtic Chair." Meantime, please put my name down for £5.—Yours faithfully,

G. J. CAMPBELL.

[We shall be glad to receive the names of any others who are disposed to follow Mr Campbell's patriotic and liberal example.—ED. C. M.]

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INVERNESS ART EXHIBITION.—Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master, deserves great credit for the success so far of the Inverness Art Exhibition, considering the limited time in which he got it up. No doubt he had a large committee, but he is something like the servant girl asking for a situation, who, when asked if she had a character, answered that she had; but that her friends told her she would be much better without it. So with Mr Smart; he had the good sense to act pretty much on his own responsibility, and the result is a very fair success. Financially it is expected to be complete, and on the whole the collection of pictures, arms, and subjects of interest to the antiquarian, is in the circumstances very satisfactory indeed. It is certainly such as every one in the district, and indeed in the Highlands, ought to see. It is to be hoped that the present is only the first of a series of annual art exhibitions in Inverness. If so, all that is required on a future occasion to ensure a collection worthy of the whole Highlands is to begin in time to make the necessary arrangements at more leisure. Some of the county gentlemen have supported the exhibition most creditably. Among these we may mention the Earl of Seafield, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Donald Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Fountaine Walker of Ness Castle; Major MacDonald of Glenaladale; Duncan Forbes of Culoden; and many others.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

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M aster-like, many hearts mourn thee, thou man of worth;  
A nother Gem from out the chaplet of the hoary North;  
C easeless in kindness, true friend and brother.  
G oodness and greatness combined. Where shall we find another?  
R ising above the petty things of time, yet so humble;  
E ver smoothing the stony way that none might stumble;  
G ifted with many graces—Heaven-sent;  
O ften we think of thee, thou blessed Saint;  
R ipe as a sheaf of corn, left us, and went

To Heaven, noble-hearted MACGREGOR.

Oct. 21st, 1881.

I. M.

## DOL FODHA NA GREINE.



Tha thus 'a ghrian is àillidh snuadh  
A' cromadh sìos air chùl nan stuadh ;  
Do ghathan blàth air bhàrr nam beann,  
Mar òr a' deàrsadh air an ceann ;  
'S an déigh do chuairt bho'n ear gu'n iar,  
Am measg gach doininn, gaoth, 'us sìon,  
Tha thu gun smalan air do ghnùis,  
'Dol gu do thàmh gu sàmhach ciùin.

B' e m' iarradas 's mo ghuidhe féin,  
An uair 'thig crìoch 'us ceann mo réis—  
'Dol troimh gach buaireadh, cath, 'us leòn  
'Tha buailteach dhuinn an so 's an fheadail—  
Gu 'm faodainn amharc na mo dhéigh,  
'Us buaidh 'thoir orra sin gu léir,  
Mar thus' an nochd an déigh do chuairt,  
Le glòir a' lasadh na do ghruaidh.

Faodaidh na gaothan 's neòil nan spéur  
'Bhì 'cur nan cath, 's 'ga'n iomairt féin,  
'Dol uair gu deas, 'us uair gu tuath—  
Cha ghabh iad fois, ach air an ruaig,  
Ach thusa, seasmhach, buan gu bràth,  
'Na d' mhòrachd thréun cha téid às t' àit',  
Mar lòchran dealrach às ar cinn,  
Gun chaochladh ort bho linn gu linn !

'S tu' chuireas beatha, neart, 'us treòir,  
'Bheir fàs 'us cinneas air gach pòr,  
Do'n daraig àird, 's do'n bhileig fhaoine,  
Cha dean thu dearmad air a h-aon,  
Do chàirdeas saobhear, farsuinn, fial,  
Cho ùr an diugh 's a bha e riamh,  
Thu 'dortadh t' sheartan oirnn gu saor,  
'S cha toir sin traoghadh air do mhaoine.

'Us mar an Tì 'thug dhut do ghloir,  
Cha seas an dorchadas 'na d' chòir,  
Cho luath 's a thogas tu do cheann  
Théid fuadach air mar cheò nam beann.  
'Us riamh bho 'n fhuair thu 'n reachd bho 'n Rìgh,  
Cha deach thu leud na ròineig clì,  
A' ruith do réis gu stòlda réidh,  
'Dol tiomchioll air a' chruinne-ché.

Gu 'n robh gach sòlas dhut a ghrian,  
Tha féum ort far am bheil thu triall,  
Bidh sinne dorch a 'n so gun ghean  
Gu 'n dèis thu 'm màrach anns an ear.  
Ach laidh thu sìos air chùl a' chuain,  
'S dh' fhàg thu na speuran trom fo ghruaim,  
Tha neòil na h-oidhche a' tarruinn teann,  
'S bidh mis' a' tèarnadh sìos do 'n ghleann.

N MACLEOID.

## DEATH OF THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A., INVERNESS.

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WITH painful regret we learn, as we go to press, that our dear friend, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, has gone to his last home. He died on the evening of Wednesday, the 19th of October, having been, on the Thursday previously, suddenly seized, at 7 A.M., just as he commenced dressing, with a paralytic stroke, from which he never rallied. He leaves a social gap in Inverness which can not be filled, and among Gaelic writers and Celtic authorities he has nowhere left his equal behind him. He was truly loved by all who knew him.

In our last issue appeared his description in Gaelic of his recent tour to London, and in this number will be found and read by thousands with melancholy interest, the last article he ever penned ; and which he handed to us, the ink still wet, on the Friday morning before he was struck down. We cannot trust ourselves just now to say more about our dear, genial, unassuming, never-to-be-forgotten friend ; but we trust in our next issue to do some small justice to his memory. In him the *Celtic Magazine* has lost its first and best friend ; while the Editor personally has lost the society of one whose most intimate and close friendship he valued above all others, and whose life and walk he admired as the most complete model of true Christian charity and gentleness it has ever been his lot to know.